SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

January 1930

VOL. LXXXVII NO. I

A Matter of Standards

BY JULIAN STREET

RECLINING on a couch in his hotel bedroom, its French windows open to the rumble of traffic in the Rue de Rivoli, J. Clyde Dillman gazed at a steel engraving of Napoleon, above the marble mantelpiece, and wondered how much trouble he was going to have with Mr. Starbuck.

A curious coincidence, his finding this portrait in his room. His wife had always said he looked like Napoleon, and he himself was not insensible to the resemblance, perceiving, in addition to the physical likeness, a parallel between Napoleon's swift rise to imperial rank and his own swift rise to the rank of Vice-President and Sales Director of the Eureka Safety Razor Company.

His thoughts were half with himself, half with the Emperor, when the telephone rang and the concierge announced that Mr. Starbuck was waiting in the lounge. Dillman rose, slipped into his coat, adjusted his soft gray hat to a jaunty angle, took up a pair of lemon-yellow gloves, and started down-stairs.

Mr. Starbuck beamed through his glasses when Dillman told him how well he was looking. People getting on toward seventy didn't mind hearing such things, and in this case it happened to be true. Instead of sticking to active business and waiting for his arteries to harden, the Old Man had begun, at sixty, to take long vacations, testing the younger men of the company with increased responsibility and finally selecting Dillman to run the business in his absence. Of late years his confidence in Dillman had grown to such a point that he and Mrs. Starbuck had settled abroad, spending placid summers on the golf links at Le Touquet, winters at Cannes or in Egypt, and the intermediate seasons in a spacious apartment in Paris, where once or twice a year Dillman reported to him.

Always, when Dillman came to Paris, Mr. Starbuck celebrated the event at one of his favorite restaurants, and to-day's welcoming feast, at Larue's, was designed to harmonize with a Château Margaux of '93, Dillman's birth year, which, characteristically, the Old Man had remembered.

"Well, Clyde," he said, when, lunch-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eon over, their cigars were lighted, "is there anything special on your mind this trip?"

"Yes, Chief, there is. The women's trade."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that," said Mr. Starbuck, who had never been enthusiastic about this growing branch of the business. "We're making the Eureka Bijou for them, and they're buying it, so what more do we want?"

"A lot more," Dillman answered. "We haven't even scratched the woman's market. I've had our people carrying questionnaires around and we've made up some significant statistics. For example, the average woman under forty uses a safety razor once or twice a week, yet only thirty-eight per cent have razors of their own. The big majority of women borrow razors from their menfolks, and don't even dry the blade afterward, let alone change it. And twenty-one per cent leave the razor all caked up. I don't care how mean a man is with money, he'll be glad to see us sell a Eureka Bijou to his wife, daughter, sister, or sweetheart, because it's to——"

"Sweetheart?" broke in Mr. Starbuck. "What's his sweetheart got to do with it?"

"Oh," said Dillman blandly, "we ran across cases of that kind too—you'd be surprised. And there's another important angle to it. Statistics show that ninety-one per cent of our blade kicks come from married men. You see what that means? The woman sneaks a dry shave with her husband's Eureka, cleans it and puts it back; next morning he gets a rotten shave, and pretty soon we lose a customer."

Mr. Starbuck looked thoughtful, and Dillman, watching him, admired, as he often had before, the formidable bony structure of the Old Man's forehead, nose and jaw.

"What do you propose?"

"I want to run a special advertising campaign directed exclusively to women. Mostly educational. Our statistics show that fifty-four per cent of them shave dry and use no lotions afterward. And get this, Chief—not one in a hundred owns a shaving brush."

"How much is it going to cost?"

"A hundred thousand dollars."

"That's a lot of money."

"Yes," said Dillman resolutely, "and I want to spend fifty thousand of it the first three months." From an inside pocket he drew a sheet of foolscap. "Here's the schedule."

Mr. Starbuck examined the paper. "It's a good list," he said, "but I don't understand your totals. You said fifty thousand dollars in the first three months, and this says thirty-five."

"The thirty-five thousand is for space," Dillman explained, "and the balance is for copy."

The Old Man lowered his head and stared over the tops of his glasses.

"Copy?" he repeated. "Who's going to write this fifteen-thousand-dollar copy —Shakespeare?"

Dillman had expected this, and, Napoleonlike, was prepared to stand his ground.

"I don't blame you for being surprised," he said. "Nobody knew the advertising game any better than you used to when you were building up the business. But we're still following the policy of conservatism and understatement you adopted more than thirty years ago, and the fact is, Mr. Starbuck, that sort of stuff's entirely out of date. In advertising, and in everything else, moderation is passé. You can't attract attention by whispering at a prizefight, and you can't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attract attention by understatement in an ad when every other advertiser is yelling. Our advertising has got to be pepped up. And there's just one way to do it. Indorsements."

"From satisfied customers?"

"Yes, but——"

"So that's your new idea, is it?" Mr. Starbuck chuckled. "Why, Clyde, I printed indorsements—testimonials we used to call them—away back in the days when our only competitor was the old-fashioned straight razor. It's a good enough way to advertise, and I have no objections. But before going on with that, let's finish up with this scheme of yours for advertising to the women. You haven't told me yet how you expect to spend that fifteen thousand for copy."

"That's just what I'm talking about. Indorsements."

Again the Old Man lowered his head and looked over his glasses.

"From *women?*"

"Certainly."

"You mean to tell me you're planning to ask women to—to say they use a razor?"

"That's it."

"And you're going to *pay* them for it?"

"Why, of course."

"Well," Mr. Starbuck broke in, "if you think we want to advertise the Eureka Bijou with testimonials from a lot of Haymarket girls, you've got the wrong——"

"Hold on, Chief." Dillman raised a hand in protest. "I don't mean that kind at all. For fifteen thousand I can get six of the best-known ladies in the country."

"Ladies?"

"Yes, I'm planning to lead off with a princess. Then maybe a countess. Then an American society woman—New York and Newport stuff—the best I can find. That makes three expensive ones to give us prestige at the start, so I'll taper off with a Senator's daughter and a couple of important débutantes. The regular rate for débutantes runs from two-fifty to five hundred."

"Very interesting. What are princesses bringing?"

"As high as six or eight thousand, if they photograph well."

"Oh," said Mr. Starbuck, "you plan to use their pictures too?"

"That's one of the main features," answered Dillman. "They like the publicity, and they like to get the money for their pet charities."

"I see. And you think other women will buy our razor because some society woman uses it?"

"It's been proven over and over again. What put Suntex Fabrics on the map? Indorsements. What made Plantation Cigarettes? Indorsements. What's putting over the big brands of stockings, cosmetics and bathroom fixtures? Indorsements!"

"These ladies indorse bathroom fixtures, too?"

"Sure."

"With photographs?"

"Why, Chief"—Dillman leaned forward and lowered his voice—"I happen to know that the Santura Company is about to launch an indorsement campaign to popularize their new——"

"Your cigar's gone out," broke in Mr. Starbuck loudly.

"—to popularize——"

"I'll get you a fresh one," the Old Man persisted. "And I declare, Clyde! Just because I don't drink liqueurs, I forgot to order one for you. Here, garçon!"

Had anything further been required to raise Dillman's spirits, it was the *Fine* of 1865 which Mr. Starbuck ordered. Soft, mellow and rich, it warmed him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through, filling him with a golden optimism. The Old Man had taken things better than he had dared expect. If a person would listen to you with an open mind and judge your proposition fairly, that was all you had a right to ask. The rest was up to you.

Mr. Starbuck had been gazing down the room; now he looked back at Dillman.

"It won't do, Clyde," he said slowly. "From a purely merchandising standpoint your plan is probably all right, but there are other points to be considered. You tell me that moderation in advertising is passé. That may be so. But what about dignity and self-respect? Are they passé, too? Vulgarity is vulgarity, Clyde, no matter who indulges in it. This scheme of buying testimonials is false and cheap, and you'll never convince me that women who go in for it aren't false and cheap. I don't want to be identified with that sort of people."

"But I tell you you're wrong!" cried Dillman. "The most prominent women in the country give paid indorsements." He rattled off half-a-dozen well-known names. "You can't say such women as those aren't ladies!"

"It seems to me they've proved they aren't."

"Well, if names like those don't satisfy you, tell me one that does." Dillman spoke defiantly. "If they aren't ladies, who *is* a lady?"

To his surprise, the Old Man answered promptly.

"That woman over there."

Dillman's gaze followed Mr. Starbuck's to a table down the room, at which sat a deep-bosomed woman in cornflower blue.

"Somebody you know?"

"No," said Mr. Starbuck, "but I always feel as if I knew her. She was Virginia Cotesworth. I used to see her when she was a little thing driving around town in her pony phaeton with her mother. That was in Deephaven, before we built our plant there. After she grew up she used to come back to the old Cotesworth place once in a while, but by that time the family was living mostly in New York. She married a grandson of old Cortlandt Peale, and the wedding made a——"

"Oh," exclaimed Dillman, "Mrs. Geoffrey Peale? I've seen their yacht at Martha's Vineyard. Yes, the Geoffrey Peales are very prominent. I don't believe she's ever indorsed anything, though. At least if she has I've never seen it."

"No," said Mr. Starbuck, "the Cotesworths aren't that kind of stock. They've always had standards. When anybody speaks of a 'lady' or a 'gentleman' I always think of that family.

"I remember when Mrs. Peale's great-aunt, Miss Elspeth Cotesworth, married an English nobleman, and a reporter smuggled himself into the church and wrote about the wedding. That was in the late 'sixties, before the newspapers had society columns, and it was considered common for a woman to have her name in the paper for any reason whatsoever. Well, when old Governor Cotesworth, the bride's father, saw the write-up, he went down and gave the editor a caning. That's how much the Cotesworths thought of social publicity."

"We're not living in the 'sixties now," said Dillman. "Ideas have changed since then, and so have people."

"Some people, maybe."

"Well, a lot of Mrs. Peale's friends give indorsements," Dillman argued, "and in my judgment it's perfectly possible she might be willing to herself. I'd like to get her—just to convince you. It wouldn't hurt to try, anyhow."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An expression of displeasure came into Mr. Starbuck's eyes.

"Let's drop the subject, Clyde," he said. "A lady simply doesn't do that sort of thing."

II

Before evening Dillman had found out at what hotel Mrs. Geoffrey Peale was staying, but when he called it was only to be told that she was not at home. She was sailing next day on the *Gigantic,* he learned, and when, twenty-four hours later, that stately liner steamed away from Cherbourg, J. Clyde Dillman was among her passengers.

"Sorry, sir," said the chief steward, taking the five-hundred-franc note, "but I've had special instructions to place Mrs. Geoffrey Peale and her secretary at a small table by themselves."

The deck steward, however, was open to persuasion, and next morning Dillman found his deck-chair beside the chairs assigned to Mrs. Peale.

His vigil was not rewarded until noon, when there appeared a blonde young woman with eyeglasses and an efficient manner, with whom, through artifices having to do with books and steamer rugs, he presently got into conversation. Her name was Miss Bates, and she was, as he had supposed, Mrs. Peale's secretary. Mrs. Peale herself did not appear that day, but Dillman put in his time with Miss Bates to good advantage, telling her of his business and of his advertising plans. Miss Bates, he found, was quite a clever girl; she agreed that indorsements from women of social importance would sell Eureka Bijous by the thousands, and his appreciation of her so increased that before saying good night he went to his cabin and returned with two Eureka Bijou Specials—dainty gold-plated razors in compact gold-plated boxes—and pressed them into her hand.

"One for you," he said gently, gazing into her eyeglasses, "and the other—I thought maybe you'd like to give it to Mrs. Peale."

Reviewing the day as he prepared for bed, Dillman felt satisfied with his progress. He had made a friend of Miss Bates, but would she, as a mere secretary, feel free to introduce him to Mrs. Peale?

This question was uppermost in his mind, next morning, when he met them briskly walking the sunlit deck. He had decided to take his cue from Miss Bates and when she gave him a bright nod in passing, he observed with satisfaction that Mrs. Peale glanced at him, too. Evidently Miss Bates had already spoken to her about him. He went to his seat and watched them as they passed on successive circuits until, almost an hour later, they came toward their deck-chairs, whereupon he rose.

Dillman had heard somewhere that no one was so democratic as the genuine aristocrat, and a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Peale showed him that she was not only democratic, but unaffected and magnetic. No wonder the common run of women followed the lead of such ladies as Mrs. Geoffrey Peale!

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a middle-aged and very British gentleman, his face mapped with purple veins, who shouted at Mrs. Peale across the intervening row of steamer-chairs, addressing her as Zinnie and complaining that she had kept him and Tina and Reggie waiting an hour for their game.

"Sorry, Spuds," she answered placidly, "but I've found such an interesting man."

"Well, you come along and play contract," ordered Spuds severely, where-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon Mrs. Peale rose, saying to Dillman:

"I haven't thanked you, have I, for your gift? It was so nice of you. We must have another talk. Miss Bates will tell you how I adore the young American business man—the Man who Does Things." And with a radiant smile she was gone.

"Who's that man?" he asked Miss Bates.

"The Duke of Pentwater. He and the Duchess are to visit Mrs. Peale at Newport. They're poor, and they're hoping to pick up an American fortune for their son—a beautiful boy but practically an idiot."

Dillman had intended to wait a little longer before definitely broaching the subject of indorsements, but this opening was too good to be overlooked.

"If the Duchess wants to pick up a little money," he began, "I might be able to get her in on our new advertising campaign. How is she on looks?"

"She isn't young," said Miss Bates.

"The photographers can fix that. Put her in a big dark hat with lots of shadows and she'll turn out all right. The one I really want, though, is Mrs. Peale."

Anxiously he waited, watching Miss Bates's face.

"They're always trying to get Mrs. Peale," she answered.

"Has she ever indorsed anything?"

"No."

"I realize," said Dillman, "that money doesn't mean much to Mrs. Peale, but——"

"Oh, doesn't it, though!" broke in Miss Bates, with a disconcerting little laugh.

"But," pursued Dillman, "all these ladies have their pet charities. It's a great way to raise money for charity, and of course a woman who does it gets a lot of publicity for herself, too."

"You'd hardly say that Mrs. Peale needs publicity, would you?"

"Perhaps not in the East," Dillman answered, "but you'd be surprised at the ignorance of the West. None of the big Eastern social leaders had national reputations until these indorsement campaigns came along."

"How much were you planning to pay?"

"I was thinking of five thousand dollars."

"You'll certainly never get her for that."

"With a lady like Mrs. Peale I guess we won't have any friction over money."

"That remains to be seen," replied Miss Bates. Her tone was unmistakably cynical. Nevertheless, before the gay notes of the luncheon bugle echoed down the deck, it was agreed that she would sound out Mrs. Peale upon the subject.

Dillman spent the early part of the afternoon in going over the plans for his campaign. Mr. Starbuck had not, in so many words, approved the purchase of indorsements, so everything depended on landing Mrs. Peale. He must land her —even if he had to go as high as ten thousand dollars and skimp the other indorsers accordingly. He must! More strongly than ever, the Napoleonic spirit dominated him when he left his cabin and set out to find Miss Bates.

Failing to discover her on the promenade, he stood for a time at the forward angle of the deck and watched the slow lift and fall of the massive bow. The wind had risen, there were white caps now and the sky ahead was black. Rough weather coming—yet the ship plunged, indomitably forward.

Far, far ahead, beyond that dark horizon, lay the vast reaches of a continent. His country! America—with her moun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tains, valleys, plains, her teeming towns and cities, her millions of women waiting to be made Eureka-conscious.

III

"No, Mr. Dillman," said Mrs. Peale amiably, when their conference in her salon on A Deck had proceeded for a time, "I've had countless opportunities to go into this sort of thing and I don't propose to hold any bargain sales."

"But five thousand dollars——"

"Five thousand doesn't interest me in the least."

"Why, Mrs. Peale," he protested, "for that figure I can get a princess."

She smiled sweetly. "I don't doubt it. You ought to be able to get half-a-dozen for that. God knows there are enough of them floating around."

"Well, for that matter," he said, a trifle nettled, "there are plenty of society women, too. In fact our advertising agents tell me that indorsement prices are due for a big drop. The field's getting overcrowded."

"Not at the top, Mr. Dillman, not at the top."

"Let's be perfectly candid about——"

"Exactly," she broke in. "Let's be candid. I happen to know what my friends have been getting, and for a name such as mine five thousand dollars is simply nothing at all."

"Mrs. Peale," he urged in a confidential tone, "I'll put all my cards on the table. Our appropriation for six indorsements is just fifteen thousand dollars, and I'm prepared to pay half the entire amount for yours alone."

"But my dear Mr. Dillman"—she made a pretty gesture with her slim, patrician hands—"it isn't a question of what proportion of your total I take. It's a question of the value of my name. Some names you can get for very little; others will cost more. Mine happens to be one of the latter class. Don't you see it all depends on what class of name you want—on what your standards are? The whole affair is one of standards."

"Seventy-five hundred doesn't interest you, either?"

"Certainly not. I know a perfectly impossible woman—a climbing nonentity who married a big name—and her regular rate is fifteen thousand. If I were to accept what she does I'd feel that I was definitely cheapening myself."

Dillman could not deny the force of her argument. Social position in America, he knew, was no longer determined by publicity alone, but was coming to be gauged by the amount a woman could command for her indorsement. Nevertheless, even for Mrs. Peale's indorsement, fifteen thousand dollars seemed exorbitant. Mr. Starbuck's attitude, however, had to be considered. His approval of the campaign was essential, and the only way to get it was to get Mrs. Peale.

"All right, then," he conceded. "Fifteen thousand."

"No," she said, smiling. "Twenty."

"My God," he gasped, "I can't go that high! Nobody ever got that much. Come on, Mrs. Peale—be a sport and split the difference! Call it seventeen thousand five hundred, won't you? Even at that I'll have to wireless our president. An extra twenty-five hundred is bad enough, but if I have to ask him for five thousand more the whole campaign may fall through."

Mrs. Peale's gaze rested thoughtfully upon the window, beyond which gray seas, piling high, seemed to keep pace with the lurching ship.

"All right," she said. "Seventeen thousand five hundred."

"Thanks," said Dillman flaccidly. "As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soon as everything's settled, we'll send a check for that amount to whatever charity you name."

"No, just send it to me."

"Very good," he agreed. "Now about the photograph: You ought to be posed in a kimono in a nice tiled bathroom, holding a Eureka Bijou in your hand."

"Oh, no. Not with the razor—and not in a bathroom."

"I don't mean the whole bathroom," he said hastily. "Just a suggestion of tiles and a mirror."

Firmly she shook her head. "Nothing of the kind was mentioned. I'll be photographed in the drawing room of my New York house. It's a handsome panelled room copied from the old Gothic chapel at St. Albans."

"But Mrs. Peale——"

"If you want me in the bathroom," announced the lady, "you'll have to pay the full twenty thousand."

"All right, then," he said mournfully, as he rose. "In the drawing room."

As he hurried down the creaking corridor outside, he found it difficult to keep his footing.

"I never knew a big liner could roll like this," he remarked to the lift attendant.

"Nor I, sir," replied the cheerful cockney. "It's an 'owling 'urricane, sir, and she's chynged 'er course."

"What for?"

"That I couldn't syy, sir."

But when Dillman tried to send his despatch to Mr. Starbuck he learned why the *Gigantic's* course had been changed.

"Sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but we can't accept messages at present. There's a ship in distress."

"This message is extremely important," announced Dillman, frowning.

"Sorry, sir," the clerk repeated, "but it's orders."

IV

Under a gray, reeling dawn, through drifting fog and gusts of rain, the *Gigantic* slowly circled an area of troubled water which, though indistinguishable from the surrounding sea, was to the navigators of the ship a spot as definitely located as if it had been marked by a vast tombstone.

Before full daylight a lifeboat from the sunken ship was sighted, lifting and falling on the long swells, aftermath of the hurricane, and its dazed occupants were with difficulty brought safely to the liner's deck. By nightfall five more lifeboats had been rescued, and the *Gigantic,* after crackling conversations with other vessels now gathered on the scene, left them to continue the search and pointed her swift prow once more in the direction of New York.

Quickly the tale of the disaster ran through the *Gigantic,* quickly her wireless spread the news throughout the world, and the clothes of the survivors were still damp with sea-water when the newspapers of five continents started beating out the story.

The first meagre bulletins, telling only of the heavy loss of life, sent a wave of horror sweeping across the world; then, as details became known, horror was followed by rage, for it developed that greedy owners had sent the vessel forth unseaworthy, and that the crew had rowed away while passengers were drowning.

Out of this dark and shameful welter emerged a solitary hero.

Thomas Bush, wireless operator, had stayed at his post and gone down with the ship. Gaining the surface, he swam to a lifeboat manned by several members of the crew who were rowing away. After clubbing down a defiant stoker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bush turned the boat back and dove time and again into dangerous seas to rescue drowning men and women. And now, safe aboard the *Gigantic,* these rescued men and women told and retold the story of his heroism.

Like all his fellow passengers, Dillman thrilled to the tale of Bush's deeds, and yet he did not appreciate Bush fully until news began to come by wireless from New York. The hero would be met by a committee at Quarantine and whisked away to the Battery. Mounted police would escort him up Broadway. The Mayor would bestow upon him the Freedom of the City, and from Washington came rumors of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

To Dillman, the hero was now more than a hero. The omnipotent hand of publicity, reaching out across unmeasured leagues of sea, had plucked him from obscurity and raised him aloft to dangle gloriously before the eyes of an ecstatic universe. Bush was at the moment the most talked-of man in the world.

It was his position in the public eye, rather than his heroism, that caused Dillman to pay him a visit. Mrs. Peale knew of the visit in advance and to her, immediately afterward, Dillman carried his grievance.

"I don't know whether the fellow is hopelessly stupid," he said, "or whether he's dazed by what he's just been through. Anyhow, he claims he isn't interested in the idea—won't even talk about it."

"How much did you offer him?"

"I expected he'd want to trade with me, so I started at a thousand. And that was as far as I could get because the fool wouldn't talk."

"Probably he doesn't want to commit himself," suggested Mrs. Peale, "until he reaches New York and sees what other offers he can get."

"That may be it," said Dillman, frowning, "but somehow I don't think so."

"What's the most you'd be willing to pay him?"

"His indorsement would be a grand thing to lead off our new campaign for men. At a pinch I'd give him five thousand."

"Do you want me to get him for you?"

Dillman stared at her.

"Yes, I mean it," she said. "I'll get him for you at five thousand or less, on the understanding that whatever I can save belongs to me." And as he hesitated she went on: "If it's going to be done at all it must be done at once."

"What makes you think you can do it?" he asked with grudging admiration.

"Because I'm a woman." Gaily she rose from her deck-chair. "You just take me down there," she said, laying her lovely hand on Dillman's arm, "and I'll attend to the rest."

V

Thomas Bush, lying on a sofa in a borrowed bathrobe, glanced toward the door with tired eyes as they entered.

"Oh, don't get up!" protested the lady as he started to rise. "I'm Mrs. Geoffrey Peale, and I couldn't let the voyage end without coming to shake the young hero's hand. We are all proud beyond words, Mr. Bush, to be on the same ship with you."

Bush was plainly embarrassed. "Excuse my looks," he said, feeling the tawny stubble on his lean, strong chin, "but the doctor said for us to take it easy, and we weren't expecting callers." As he said "we," he indicated a curtained bunk across the room.

"Oh—are we disturbing some one?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nothing disturbs a sailor when he's asleep." Bush smiled faintly, and Mrs. Peale, returning the smile, continued in an ingratiating voice:

"Mr. Bush, you are going to receive many honors, but we all feel that there should be a material reward as well. Mr. Dillman tells me he mentioned something of the sort to you, but he felt that perhaps you didn't quite understand. So I thought I'd better come to see you about it."

Bush looked at Dillman, then at her, but made no reply.

"We've been talking it over," she went on, "and we've decided to make it two thousand dollars instead of one. Think of it, Mr. Bush!" Her patrician hands fluttered in an impressive gesture. "Two thousand dollars for just signing your name to a little testimonial."

"Yes," said Dillman, "all I want is for you to sign a statement something like this." From his pocket he drew a paper and handed it to Bush, who silently inspected it.

> I have always used the Eureka Safety Razor. A shave with a Eureka is as smooth as the caress of your sweetheart's hand upon your cheek.

"What made you think I use a Eureka?" inquired Bush, looking up.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," answered Dillman, smiling. "If you sign up that's all I want. It's just a matter of business."

Slowly Bush shook his head.

"I'm much obliged," he said, "but I can't do it."

Mrs. Peale gave him a look of sharp appraisal.

"Mr. Bush," she said, "you're going to be the hero of New York to-morrow, but heroes aren't remembered very long. Now, in order to get this thing settled right away, Mr. Dillman and I will raise our offer to twenty-five hundred, but that is positively our top price. As friend and well-wisher I strongly advise you to accept while the offer is open."

Again Bush shook his head.

"It isn't the money," he said. "It's the idea of the thing."

"If I was you, Bush," said Dillman, in a dry, measured tone, "I wouldn't let that part of it worry me—not when indorsements have been given by the finest people in the country." With the gesture of a showman he indicated Mrs. Peale. "This lady herself is indorsing the Eureka—Mrs. Geoffrey Peale, the leader of New York society."

Bush looked uncomfortable.

"I'm not saying anybody else shouldn't do it," he replied doggedly. "All I'm saying is that *I'm* not going to."

"Why not?" Dillman was plainly impatient.

"I don't know if I can make you understand," said Bush slowly. "You see, I come from a funny little town, and I guess we don't look at things just the way they do in the cities. Anyhow, if I did a thing like this I'd feel sort of—sort of cheap."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dillman. "You admitted a little while ago you lost everything when that ship sank. You haven't a nickel to your name!"

"That's the point," said Bush. "My name's all I've got, so it looks to me as if I'd better hang onto it."

VI

As the stateroom door closed behind the departing visitors, Bush heard an elaborate yawn from the depths of the bunk across the way.

"Did they wake you, Shorty?" he asked.

"What I ain't able to comprehend," said the invisible Shorty in a ruminative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tone, "is what the hell a lady's doing with a razor. Does she shave her husband?"

"The doctor told us we could go on deck this afternoon," said Bush, rising and throwing off his bathrobe. "I want a little of that sun."

From the hip pocket of a pair of wrinkled, salt-stained trousers he drew a flat metal box, small and tarnished, and took from it a safety razor with which he presently began to shave.

"I had a straight razor," remarked Shorty mournfully, "but she went down."

"You can have my safety razor in a minute," said Bush. A slow grin came over his soapy image in the mirror as he added: "It's a Eureka, and believe me, Shorty, a shave with a Eureka is as smooth as the caress of your sweetheart's hand upon your cheek."

"Yeah?" yawned Shorty. "I'll borrow it when you get through."

Justice Brandeis and the Constitution

BY JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

This is a companion piece to Mr. Pollard's interesting study of another liberal jurist, "Justice Holmes Dissents," recently published in SCRIBNER'S.

OPINIONS in constitutional law cases are really judgments on social policies. The social and economic ideas of the judges, born of their environment and their breeding, become translated into Law as they determine whether governmental actions are consistent with the sparse words of the founder fathers. Those words are not self-explanatory. The meaning of such phrases as "freedom of speech" and "due process of law" has to be determined by nine human beings who think that the words either permit or forbid certain activities of the legislative or executive arms called in question by people aggrieved by those activities. In determining their meaning the judges are guided by various factors. Precedent is one such, but precedent, even when worth following, can cover only a small part of the complex problems constantly arising. The most important factor is the background of the judges themselves. They may not realize its inevitable bearing upon their opinions, but coming, as most of them do, from stations in life where dignity walks with personal power, it stamps them with a certain psychology of wealth. The protective instinct for property is in the blood, and is bound to color their decisions.

It was the realization of this fact, by those whose positions of prominence gave them no occasion to be dissatisfied with it, that brought about a storm of protest when President Wilson appointed Louis D. Brandeis to the United States Supreme Court in 1916. Brandeis was not the type. In the first place he was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jew—a proud one. No Jew had ever before attained the distinction of a Supreme Court judge. In the second place he was a lawyer who had used, for years prior to his appointment, the full power of his dynamic energy and mentality to expose the iniquities of men in high places in the financial system. The opposition to the New Haven Railroad's monopoly of New England transportation, and the battle against the unfair trade methods of the Shoe Machinery Company were successful high-spots in a career at the Boston bar which made for him many enemies among corporate stockholders. He had even, as far back as 1908, brought the Supreme Court itself to look with favor upon social legislation seeking to better the conditions of working people. The brief he had then filed in support of the Oregon law limiting the hours of labor for women went down into history as the most important brief ever to come to the attention of the court—all because of his revolutionary idea that facts and figures regarding health and long hours were more important than abstract and slightly moss-grown legal precepts. He had friends among the masses, was affectionately called "the People's Lawyer," and came to be looked upon by workmen throughout the country as their spokesman in the eternal conflict between the rich and the poor. It was very disturbing to the powerful.

So they sought, by every means possible, to keep the Senate from confirming his appointment. They accused him of being "unprofessional," mercenary, disloyal to his clients, a dangerous doctrinaire unscrupulous in attaining the ends desired. A petition was gotten up and signed by prominent conservatives, among whom was ex-President Taft, subsequently to sit on the same bench and to frequently differ with the man whose appointment he opposed. A committee was appointed to investigate the accusations against him. The hearings lasted over two months; at the end of which time, the denunciations being stronger than the proof, he was exonerated of the charges of unfitness for office. He took his seat as Mr. Justice Brandeis on June 1, 1916, and has been busy ever since writing his ideals of American democracy into the decisions of constitutional law.

Twenty centuries of oppression of the Jewish race are reflected in his opinions. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, of a family of well-to-do Bohemian Jews, educated in Germany and at Harvard Law School, his happy escape from economic hardship only served to heighten his sympathy with the less fortunate of his race. His ability and his intense desire for social service made him the leader of the Zionist movement. In this field he preached the doctrine of sympathy as an essential of democracy: the Jews had been habitually denied rights; their province had been for ages to suffer and to think; they needed to be pitied and helped. His feeling for the oppressed Jew led easily enough to sympathy with all who were denied equality of opportunity to develop their faculties—to think and speak and pray, and work for their economic and political advancement.

Thus it is that Judge Brandeis cherishes the First Amendment to the Constitution, the first right in the Bill of Rights—that of free speech. To him it seems a sacred privilege, not to be curbed, even in war time, by the strict enforcement of sedition laws. Under the Espionage Act of 1917, many people, dismayed at the entry of the United States into the World War, and vehemently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposed to the Draft Law, were convicted of interfering with the conduct of the war because they spoke their minds. The Chicago distributer of a Socialist pamphlet which pictured the horrors of American youth being seized and tossed into a "seething swamp of torn flesh and entrails" was hustled off to jail. The editor of a small German newspaper in Philadelphia was sentenced to five years in prison for printing statements that the war was contrary to the will of the people. A soap-box orator in Minnesota was convicted under a mere state statute of opposing the nation-wide conscription of men for war service. The late Victor Berger's Milwaukee *Leader* was denied the privilege of the mails upon a summary order of Postmaster-General Burleson for printing Socialist items and editorials—forbidden for all future issues and without a hearing before a jury. All of these suppressions were approved by the Supreme Court.

Judge Brandeis, however, thought that the defendants in all these cases were entitled to the protection of the Constitution. He agreed with the court that any utterance directly interfering with the conduct of the war should be punished, but he did not think that these utterances caused such interference. He did not believe that the activities of these malcontents constituted any immediate danger to the nation. That being the case, government prosecution amounted to government oppression:

> The fundamental right of free men to strive for better conditions through new legislation and new institutions will not be preserved, if efforts to secure it by argument to fellow citizens may be construed as criminal incitement to disobey existing law.
>
> The jury (in the Philadelphia case) must have supposed it to be within their province to condemn men not merely for disloyal acts, but for a disloyal heart; provided only that the disloyal heart was evidenced by some utterance. To prosecute men for such publications reminds of the days when men were hanged for constructive treason. . . . Convictions such as these, besides abridging freedom of speech, threaten freedom of thought and of belief.

Thus going on record that the under dog has a right to grumble, even in the dark days of war hysteria, Judge Brandeis could be expected to come to the rescue of those suffering governmental oppression in peace time. He joined in the strong dissent of Justice Holmes when the Supreme Court, on May 27, 1929, denied the application for citizenship of the pacifist leader, Rosika Schwimmer, because she stated that she would not bear arms on behalf of the country. And he sought, by a strong opinion in the Whitney case in 1927, to lighten the severity of the peace-time criminal syndicalism Acts of various states, which were looked upon quite as favorably by the majority of the court as the national war-time Espionage Act had been. Anita Whitney, sixty-year-old Wellesley graduate, and life-long friend of the unfortunate, was sentenced to serve from one to fourteen years in San Quentin Prison for merely joining the Communist Labor Party. She had been convicted under a statute of California which made it a felony for a person to join any organization whose purpose was to advocate the overthrow of existing government. When the case came to the Supreme Court the conviction was upheld and the California statute sustained as a perfectly valid means of putting down potential anarchy. Judge Brandeis, however, objected so vigorously to the reasoning of his colleagues that Governor Young immediately pardoned Miss Whitney on the strength of his opinion—an opinion which, in ringing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words, recalled the aims of the founders:

> Those who won our independence believed that in the government the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth.

Official tyranny received another blow at the hands of Judge Brandeis when the Wan case in 1924 revealed to the Supreme Court the brutal methods employed by the District of Columbia police in wringing confessions from those accused of crime. Wan, a Chinaman arrested for murder, had been subjected for twelve days to a third degree grilling that made him so mentally and physically weak that he would gladly have confessed to a thousand murders. He was convicted of the crime solely upon this "voluntary" confession, and the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia refused to set aside the conviction. Brandeis, however, wasted no time in sending the case back for a new and fair trial, having on this occasion the support of the other judges.

There is a wide gap in the executive department between a metropolitan police station and the office of the President of the United States, but to Judge Brandeis high-handed conduct is equally reprehensible in both places. In the Myers case in 1926, he was brought into conflict with the will of the very man to whom he owed his high public place. Woodrow Wilson had removed, without getting the consent of the Senate, a postmaster in a western city whom he had appointed with the consent of the Senate, as the Constitution provides. The majority of the judges, speaking through ex-President Taft, upheld this summary power of the President. But the court's approval of a one-man rule triumphing over the legislative arm of the government did not pass unchallenged by a judge who firmly believes that one essential element of democracy is the right of the people to be free from dictatorship.

Judge Brandeis is as vigorously opposed to the oppression of private property as he is to the oppression of governmental agencies. He has frequently said that there is no such thing as freedom for a man who is not financially free, and the battles he waged for this cause at the bar he continues to wage on the bench. He is a friend of labor because labor has to climb uphill to get on firm ground for bargaining with capital; he is a friend of the unions because they make the climb easier; and he is an enemy of injunctions that block the path. If the legislature of a state sees fit to forbid the use of injunctions in labor disputes, as the legislature of Arizona once did, he sees nothing in the Constitution to prevent it, despite the loud complaint of an employer that he is being deprived of an inalienable property right. If labor unions combine to boycott the product of a manufacturer, in the hope of forcing him to use union labor in his factory, Brandeis does not think the manufacturer should be able to enjoin their activity as a combination in restraint of trade in violation of the Sherman Act. His views in labor cases, so often voiced unsuccessfully from the bench, reached their climax in his powerful dissent in the Journeymen Stonecutters case, decided in April, 1927.

Here the producers of building stone, organizations of large resources, shipping seventy per cent of all the cut stone in the country, objected to the action of the stone-cutters' union in declaring their stone "unfair," and forbidding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members of the union to work on it in building construction in various states to which the stone was shipped. The purpose of this conduct was, of course, to force these producers to use union laborers at their home plants. But this conduct involved no acts of violence against the producers. There was no picketing, no boycott, no intimidation of ultimate purchasers of the stone—only a determination to do no work on the stone of these sellers. But the aggrieved producers complained so strenuously about their loss of profits that the Supreme Court rushed the Sherman Act to their rescue, and enjoined the union workers from combining to stop work. A decision which, according to Judge Brandeis, was a flagrant violation of the rights of labor:

> If, on the undisputed facts of this case, refusal to work can be enjoined, Congress created by the Sherman Law and the Clayton Act an instrument for imposing restraints upon labor which reminds of involuntary servitude.

He then pointed out the unfairness of denying to labor what the Supreme Court had permitted to capital when they allowed the United States Steel Corporation and others to combine in a single corporation over fifty per cent of the resources of an industry:

> It would indeed be strange if Congress had by the same Act (the Anti-Trust Act) willed to deny to members of a small craft of workingmen the right to co-operate in simply refraining from work, when that course was the only means of self-protection against a combination of militant and powerful employers. I cannot believe that Congress did so.

One of the outstanding tenets of Judge Brandeis's philosophy is his sense of Duty. "Above all rights rises duty to the community" is a statement of his which he has ample opportunity to explain in the many cases wherein state regulations for the public welfare are sought to be overthrown by those who claim that such regulations deprive them of liberty or property without due process of law. The time-honored clash between the Fourteenth Amendment and the State police power finds him fighting on the side of those state legislatures who seek to embody in law his own social and economic ideas. He does not think that the State's power to make laws for the security and comfort of its citizens should be impeded by those whose business suffers through the exercise of that power. The men who call upon the Fourteenth Amendment are men of property. The statutes are enacted to promote the interests of the common man. So although Judge Brandeis's insistence upon the individual's duty to the State seems to balance his insistence upon the individual's right to develop his faculties, the fact is that in all these cases the *right* is that of the weak, and the *duty* is that of the strong.

His dissent in the Tanner case in 1917, one of the earliest and most important of his opinions, shows him eager to uphold state statutes which seek to remedy industrial evils. The state of Washington had passed a law which forbade private employment agencies to receive fees from workers for whom they found positions. This statute seemed to the majority of the court to be contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment, in that it unduly restricted the liberty of the complaining agencies to engage in business. On the surface the decision looks correct; the enactment seems a rather high-handed interference with one's right to earn a livelihood. But Judge Brandeis sought out the facts behind this particular piece of social legislation. He found that it had been the practice of the employment agencies to charge excessive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fees, to send applicants to work at unsuitable jobs so far away from the city that they could not afford to get back, to split fees with conniving employers who discharged the applicants a few days after hiring them, and even to obtain jobs for girls in houses of prostitution. Brandeis voted of course to protect the people thus duped, but he went farther than that—he regarded the statute broadly as a worthy effort to overcome industrial maladjustment:

> The problem which confronted the people of Washington was far more comprehensive and fundamental than that of protecting workers applying to the agencies. It was the chronic problem of unemployment, perhaps the gravest and most difficult problem of modern industry.

To uphold a statute which he considers beneficial to the public, Judge Brandeis crowds his opinions with an impressive array of facts and figures. He supports his feelings with cold statistics. He bolsters up his prejudices by citing every favorable tract he can find on the point at issue, including speeches and articles by lay authorities, which conservative judges, engrossed in legal precedents, frequently ignore. When in 1924 his colleagues threw out the Nebraska bread weight law as an undue burden on the business of baking companies, because it prescribed a maximum weight as well as a minimum, Brandeis discovered that there was good reason for the legislation. The facts put before him showed that loaves of bread were commonly made in more than one standard size, and an overweight pound loaf might be and often was palmed off as a full weight pound and a half loaf. The law was an attempt to check fraud on the public. Its purpose was to protect buyers from short weights and honest bakers from unfair competition. But the complaint of the bread manufacturers, whose annual output was almost twenty-four million pounds, prevailed.

A case which came up to the Supreme Court from Pennsylvania in 1928 reveals vividly Judge Brandeis's desire to help state legislation which, under the police power, places a duty upon property. The legislature of Pennsylvania had passed a law taxing the gross receipts of corporations engaged in the taxicab business, but not taxing individuals engaged in the same business. The Quaker City Cab Corporation objected to this statute, claiming that it deprived them of the "equal protection of the laws" to which they were entitled under the Fourteenth Amendment. The majority of the court thought the statute worked an arbitrary discrimination, and held it unconstitutional. Brandeis's dissent is illuminating:

> The State may have imposed this tax because, in view of the advantages inherent in corporate organization, the Legislature believed that course necessary in order to insure a just distribution of the burdens of government. . . . There are still intelligent, informed, just-minded and civilized persons who believe that the rapidly growing aggregation of capital through corporations constitutes an insidious menace to the liberty of the citizen, that it tends to increase the subjection of labor to capital, and that, because of the guidance and control necessarily exercised by great corporations upon those engaged in business, individual initiative is being impaired, and creative power will be lessened.

No judicial dictum could be more identical with a strong personal conviction than these words. Here is pity, and here, perhaps, is revenge—an active resentment against the class of men who had sought, by charges and epithets, to humiliate him in the eyes of those whose interests he held most at heart. Reading these words, one can understand how Brandeis could vote in favor of strict in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heritance and income tax rulings, and, in the recent, celebrated case of the O'Fallon Railroad, in favor of that system of determining property values which would keep low both railway rates and railway income.

The states' efforts in making desirable welfare regulations are frequently balked on another constitutional ground besides the Fourteenth Amendment—that of interfering in a field of regulation which, under the Commerce Clause, is an exclusive federal field. It is the old case of Federal Centralization versus States' rights. As the majority of Supreme Court judges are Federalists, it is almost impossible for states to pass laws to help the needy in matters that touch in any way upon interstate commerce. To this Judge Brandeis is opposed. He thinks that where there is no real interference with federal control over the free flow of commerce, the states should be allowed to act, and that the needy should not be deprived of relief merely because of friction between rival governing bodies.

If, for instance, the New York Workmen's Compensation Act allows greater protection to railway employees than the Federal Employers' Liability Act, permitting them to recover damages for injuries that are not actionable under the latter Act, Brandeis thinks that the New York law should be allowed to stand. It helps the workman. If the Washington Compensation Act awards compensation for the death of a stevedore killed while discharging cargo from a vessel moored to the dock, that Act should not be declared invalid as an interference with the federal admiralty jurisdiction. It helps the stevedore, and is "a promising attempt to alleviate some of the misery, and remove some of the injustice, incident to the conduct of industry and commerce." If the State of Pennsylvania requires all sellers of steamship tickets to be properly licensed, he does not think that law should be thrown out as a burden on foreign commerce. It lessens the danger of fraud, and helps the poor immigrant, unfamiliar with our language. When, however, that law is thrown out, on the strength of Federalist doctrines read into the body of constitutional law by judges long dead, Brandeis strikes a hard blow at the temple of precedent-worship:

> In the search for truth through the slow process of inclusion and exclusion, involving trial and error, it behooves us to reject as guides, the decisions upon such questions which prove to have been mistaken. The many cases on the Commerce Clause in which this court has explained away its earlier decisions show that the wisdom of this course has been heretofore recognized. In the case at bar also, the logic of words should yield to the logic of realities.

But if the federal government sees fit to invade the province of the States in exercising control over the *conduct* of citizens, under the Commerce Clause or some other constitutional grant, Brandeis sides with the Federalists. This seems at first glance to be a curious inconsistency. But Brandeis is more interested in what is done for the subject than in who does it. As he upholds the States' power to enact laws to make men independent, so he upholds the Nation's power to enact laws to make men moral. And we find him siding at last with the majority when, in the Caminetti case, the federal Mann Act was held to apply to a man and a woman who were merely travelling together across state lines, with no element of commercialized vice involved.

Judge Brandeis is essentially a policeman. He is a moralist, a Puritan, always in dead earnest, lacking in humor. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rigidity of conscience that goes back to the Jewish Prophets bids him approve of the moral tone of the colonial Puritans, who, like the Jews, had suffered great oppression. Emphasizing the importance of Duty in addressing a meeting of Zionists shortly before his elevation to the bench, he pointed to conditions in the early days of the New England colonies "when American democracy reached there its fullest expression; for the Puritans were trained in implicit obedience to stern duty by constant study of the Prophets." He believes that man has a duty to be good as well as a duty to be generous. And he believes in making man good by law.

This explains his stand in the Prohibition cases. An act of Congress, a police measure under an express constitutional grant, is naturally to be regarded in a favorable light by a judge of his moral sternness. When Jacob Ruppert and other liquor interests attacked the validity of the Volstead Act, Brandeis, making short shrift of their contentions, upheld the act, and permitted the government to put breweries and distilleries out of business without paying one penny for the property thus destroyed. To take property whenever it is necessary for the general welfare is an old and approved story to him—the duty of business to yield to the will of the legislature. His dissenting voice had fought for that very thing in matters of state control, and now, with the help of the Eighteenth Amendment, he was succeeding for the federal government.

Then he wrote the majority opinion in the Lambert case, stretching the idea of governmental regulation still farther. His individualism has collapsed completely under the stress of a strict paternalism. A doctor had complained that he was being deprived of long-standing rights by that section of the Volstead Act which prevents physicians from prescribing more than one pint of liquor to the same patient within a period of ten days. But Judge Brandeis said that the very right to practise medicine was subordinate to the power of Congress to enact laws under the Eighteenth Amendment. To say in effect that the judgment of Congress as to the medicinal value of liquor is superior to the judgment of the attending physician is to torture the facts for the sake of the cause. An impression that a slight fanaticism might be urging him on was not dispelled by his decision in the Ford Coupe case: that the motor-car of an innocent owner could be confiscated because a guest in the car had on his person a flask of whiskey.

It looked as if Brandeis might now be approving of that governmental oppression which he denounced so vigorously in the sedition cases. Even the Fourth Amendment, one of the greatest bulwarks of personal liberty in the Bill of Rights, securing to every person the right to be free from unreasonable Search and Seizure, seemed in danger of losing its logical champion when Brandeis concurred in the decision of the Carroll case—that federal officers could stop and search a suspected automobile without a warrant, and use the liquor thus found as evidence to convict the occupants of violating the Prohibition Law. What about official tyranny? Did Brandeis's sense of duty to the community in moral matters blind him to the existence of the individual's rights under the Constitution?

Then came the wire-tapping case. The conduct of the federal officers in this case was too raw even for the great Puritan judge. The officers had listened in on telephone conversations of parties sus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pected of carrying on large rum-running activities on the Pacific coast, and on the evidence thus obtained they had succeeded in convicting the suspects. Not only was the Fourth Amendment supposed to secure the right of privacy to every person, but the state of Washington had made the tapping of telephone wires a crime. The government had turned criminal to catch a criminal. On June 4, 1928, the conviction was upheld by five of the nine Supreme Court judges, but this time Judge Brandeis was back in his old rôle of dissenter. There were still teeth in the Bill of Rights:

> Discovery and invention have made it possible for the government, by means far more effective than stretching upon the rack, to obtain disclosure in court of what is whispered in the closet.
>
> •
>
> Decency, security, and liberty alike demand that government officials shall be subjected to the same rules of conduct that are commands to the citizen. . . . If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt of law, it invites every man to become a law unto himself, it invites anarchy. To declare that in the administration of the criminal law the end justifies the means—to declare that the government may commit crime in order to secure the conviction of a private criminal—would bring terrible retribution.

Judge Brandeis's decisions bear out the statement that the social and economic ideas of the judges are reflected in their opinions in constitutional law. If he seems more vehement in his prejudices than the Old Guard judges do in theirs, it is because he is struggling against greater odds, and because he feels more deeply the worth of his contentions. His attitude on Prohibition prevents him from being a thorough liberal, because it limits his individualism. It clouds his vision of the citizen's rights, as it brightens his vision of the citizen's duties. But where moral considerations are not involved, the ideals of American democracy revealed by Judge Brandeis's opinions are largely those of the nation's founders. The industrial democracy of his dreams is still far from realization. Yet the laboring classes have benefited enormously by the impetus which his vigorous views have given to the forces of industrial welfare. Much social legislation that is not questioned to-day owes its security to his pioneer efforts. And the future will find him championing, with characteristic boldness, the cause of the common man against new forms of governmental and proprietary oppression.

Aversion

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

A nurse's uniform she makes
Of her nobility;
A stiff, starched badge of sacrifice
That any one may see.

Commendable—and yet I know
Who wins my quick applause,
Leaps gaily through life's paper hoops
In harlequin or gauze.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a Strange Town

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A MORNING in a country town in a strange place. Everything quiet. No, there are sounds. Sounds assert themselves. A boy whistles. I can hear the sound above the more immediate ones here where I stand, at a railroad station. I have come away from home. I am in a strange place. There is no such thing as silence. Once I was in the country. I was at the house of a friend. "You see, there is not a sound here. It is absolutely silent." That was because he was used to the little sounds of the place, the humming of insects, the sound of falling water—far off—the faint clattering sound of a man with a machine in the distance, cutting hay. He was accustomed to the sounds and did not hear them. Here, where I am now, I hear a beating sound. Some one has hung a carpet on a clothes-line and is beating it. Another boy shouts, far off—"A-ho, a-ho."

It is good to go and come. You arrive in a strange place. There is a street facing a railroad track. You get off a train with your bag. Two porters fight for possession of you and the bag as you have seen porters do with strangers in your own town.

As you stand there, there are things to be seen too. You see the open doors of the stores on the street that faces the station. People go in and out. An old man stops and looks. "Why, there is the morning train," his mind is saying to him.

The mind is always saying such things to people. "Look, be aware," it says. The fancy wants to float free of the body. We put a stop to that.

Most of us live our lives like toads, sitting perfectly still, under a plantain leaf. We are waiting for a fly to come our way. When it comes out darts the tongue. We nab it.

That is all. We eat it.

But how many questions to be asked that are never asked. Whence came the fly? Where was he going?

He might have been going to meet his sweetheart. He was stopped, eaten.

The train on which I have been riding, a slow one, pauses for a time. All right, I'll go to the Empire House. As though I cared.

It is a small town—this one, to which I have come. In any event I'll be uncomfortable here. There will be the same kind of brass bed as at the last place to which I went, unexpectedly like this—with bugs in it perhaps. A travelling salesman will talk in a loud voice in the next room. He will be talking to a friend, another travelling salesman. "Trade is bad," one of them will say. "Yes, it is rotten."

There will be confidences about women picked up—some words heard, others missed. That is always annoying.

But why did I get off of the train here at this particular town? I remember that they said there was a lake here—that there was fishing. I thought I would fish.

Perhaps I expected to swim. I remember now.

"Porter, where is the Empire House? Oh, the brick one. All right, go ahead. I'll be along pretty soon. You tell the clerk to save me a room, with a bath, if they have one."

. . . . . .

I remember what I was thinking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about. All my life since that happened I have gone off on adventures like this. A man likes to be alone sometimes.

Being alone doesn't mean being where there are no people. It means being where people are all strangers to you.

. . . . . .

There is a woman crying there. She is getting old, that woman. Well, I am myself no longer young. See how tired her eyes are. There is a younger woman with her. In time that younger woman will look exactly like her mother.

She will have the same patient resigned look. The skin will sag on her cheeks, that are plump now. The mother has a large nose and so has the daughter.

There is a man with them. He is fat and has red veins in his face. For some reason I think he must be a butcher.

He has that kind of hands, that kind of eyes.

I am pretty sure he is the woman's brother. Her husband is dead. They are putting a coffin on the train.

They are people of no importance. People pass them casually. No one has come to the station to be with them in their hour of trouble. I wonder if they live here. Yes, of course they do. They live somewhere, in a rather mean little house, at the edge of town, or perhaps outside the town. You see the brother is not going away with the mother and daughter. He has just come down to see them off.

They are going, with the body, to another town where the husband, who is dead, formerly lived.

The butcher-like man has taken his sister's arm. That is a gesture of tenderness. Such people make such gestures only when some one in the family is dead.

The sun shines. The conductor of the train is walking along the station platform and talking to the station-master. They have been laughing loudly, having their little joke.

That conductor is one of the jolly sort. His eyes twinkle—as the saying is. He has his little joke with every station-master, every telegraph operator, baggage man, expressman, along the way. There are all kinds of conductors of passenger-trains.

There, you see, they are passing the woman whose husband has died and is being taken away somewhere to be buried. They drop their joke, their laughter. They become silent.

A little path of silence made by that woman in black, and her daughter, and the fat brother. The little path of silence has started with them at their house, has gone with them along streets to the railroad station, will be with them on the train and in the town to which they are going. They are people of no importance but they have suddenly become important.

They are symbols of Death. Death is an important, a majestic thing, eh?

. . . . . .

How easily you can comprehend a whole life, when you are in a place like this, in a strange place, among strange people. Everything is so much like other towns you have been in. Lives are made up of little series of circumstances. They repeat themselves over and over, in towns everywhere, in cities, in all countries.

They are of infinite variety. In Paris, when I was there last year, I went into the Louvre. There were men and women there making copies of the works of the old masters that were hung on the walls. They were professional copyists.

They worked painstakingly, were trained to do just that kind of work, very exactly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And yet no one of them could make a copy. There were no copies made.

The little circumstances of no two lives anywhere in the world are just alike.

. . . . . .

You see I have come over into a hotel room now, in this strange town. It is a country-town hotel. There are flies in here. A fly has just alighted on this paper on which I have been writing these impressions. I stopped writing and looked at the fly. There must be billions of flies in the world and yet, I dare say, no two of them are alike.

The circumstances of their lives not just alike either.

. . . . . .

I think I must come away from my own place on trips, such as I am on now, for a specific reason.

At home I live in a certain house. There is my own household, the servants, the people of my household. I am a professor of philosophy in a college in my town, hold a certain definite position there, in the town life and in the college life.

Conversations in the evening, music, people coming into our house.

Myself going to a certain office, then to a classroom where I lecture, seeing people there.

I know some things about those people. That is the trouble with me perhaps. I know something but not enough.

My mind, my fancy, becomes dulled looking at them.

I know too much and not enough.

. . . . . .

It is like a house in the street in which I live. There is a particular house in that street—in my home town—I was formerly very curious about. For some reason the people who lived in it were recluses. They seldom came out of their house and hardly ever out of the yard, into the street.

Well, what of all that?

My curiosity was aroused. That is all.

I used to walk past the house with something strangely alive in me. I had figured out this much. An old man with a beard and a white-faced woman lived there. There was a tall hedge and once I looked through. I saw the man walking nervously up and down, on a bit of lawn, under a tree. He was clasping and unclasping his hands and muttering words. The doors and shutters of the mysterious house were all closed. As I looked the old woman with the white face opened the door a little and looked out at the man. Then the door closed again. She said nothing to him. Did she look at him with love, or with fear, in her eyes? How do I know? I could not see.

Another time I heard a young woman's voice, although I never saw a young woman about the place. It was evening and the woman was singing—a rather sweet young woman's voice it was.

. . . . . .

There you are. That is all. Life is more like that than people suppose. Little odd fragmentary ends of things. That is about all we get. I used to walk past that place all alive, curious. I enjoyed it. My heart thumped a little.

I heard sounds more distinctly, felt more.

. . . . . .

I was curious enough to ask my friends along the street about the people.

"They're queer," people said.

Well, who is not queer?

The point is that my curiosity gradually died. I accepted the queerness of the life of that house. It became a part of the life of my street. I became dull to it.

. . . . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have become dulled to the life of my own house, of my street, to the lives of my pupils.

"Where am I? Who am I? Whence came I?" Who asks themselves these questions any more?

. . . . . .

There is that woman I saw taking her dead husband away on the train. I saw her but for a moment before I walked over to this hotel and came up to this room (an entirely commonplace hotel room it is) but here I sit thinking of her. I reconstruct her life, go on living the rest of her life with her.

Often I do things like this, come off alone to a strange place like this. "Where are you going?" my wife says to me. "I am going to take a bath," I say.

My wife thinks I am a bit queer too, but she has grown used to me. Thank God, she is a patient and a good-natured woman.

"I am going to bathe myself in the lives of people about whom I know nothing."

I will sit in this hotel until I am tired of it and then I will walk in strange streets, see strange houses, strange faces. People will see me.

Who is he?

He is a stranger.

. . . . . .

That is nice. I like that. To be a stranger sometimes, going about in a strange place, having no business there, just walking, thinking, bathing myself.

To give others, the people here in this strange place, a little jump at the heart too—because I am something strange.

Once, when I was a younger man, I would have tried to pick up a girl. Being in a strange place, I would have tried to get my jump at the heart out of trying to be with her.

Now I do not do that. It is not because I am especially faithful—as the saying goes—to my wife, or that I am not interested in strange and attractive women.

It is because of something else. It may be that I am a bit dirty with life and have come here, to this strange place, to bathe myself in strange life and get clean and fresh again.

. . . . . .

And so I walk in such a strange place. I dream. I let myself have fancies. Already I have been out into the street, into several streets of this town and have walked about. I have aroused in myself a little stream of fresh fancies, clustered about strange lives, and as I walked, being a stranger, going along slowly, carrying a cane, stopping to look into stores, stopping to look into the windows of houses and into gardens, I have, you see, aroused in others something of the same feeling that has been in me.

I have liked that. To-night, in houses of this town, there will be something to speak of.

"There was a strange man about. He acted queerly. I wonder who he was."

"What did he look like?"

An attempt to delve into me too, to describe me. Pictures being made in other minds. A little current of thoughts, fancies, started in others, in me too.

. . . . . .

I sit here in this room in this strange town, in this hotel, feeling oddly refreshed. Already I have slept here. My sleep was sweet. Now it is morning and everything is still. I dare say that, some time to-day, I will get on another train and go home.

. . . . . .

But now I am remembering things.

Yesterday, in this town, I was in a barber shop. I got my hair cut. I hate getting my hair cut.

"I am in a strange town, with nothing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to do, so I'll do it," I said to myself as I went in.

A man cut my hair. "It rained a week ago," he said. "Yes," I said. That is all the conversation there was between us.

However, there was other talk in the shop, plenty of it.

A man had been here in this town and had passed some bad checks. One of them was for ten dollars and was made out in the name of one of the barbers in that shop.

The man who passed the checks was a stranger, like myself. There was talk of that.

A man came in who looked like President Coolidge and had his hair cut.

Then there was another man who came for a shave. He was an old man with sunken cheeks and for some reason looked like a sailor. I dare say he was just a farmer. This town is not by the sea.

There was talk enough in there, a whirl of talk.

. . . . . .

I came out thinking.

Well, with me it is like this. A while ago I was speaking of a habit I have formed of going suddenly off like this to some strange place. "I have been doing it ever since it happened," I said, I used the expression "it happened."

Well, what happened?

Not so very much.

A girl got killed. She was struck by an automobile. She was a girl in one of my classes.

She was nothing special to me. She was just a girl—a woman, really—in one of my classes. When she was killed I was already married.

. . . . . .

Well, she used to come into my room, into my office. We used to sit in there and talk.

We used to sit and talk about something I had said in my lecture.

"Did you mean this?"

"No, that is not exactly it. It is rather like this."

I guess you know how we philosophers talk. We have almost a language of our own. Sometimes I think it is largely nonsense.

I would begin talking to that girl—that woman—and on and on I would go. She had gray eyes. There was a sweet serious look on her face.

. . . . . .

Do you know sometimes, when I talked to her like that (it is, I am pretty sure, all nonsense), well, I thought——

Her eyes seemed to me sometimes to grow a little larger as I talked to her. I had a notion she did not hear what I said.

I did not care much.

I talked so that I would have something to say.

Sometimes, when we were together in that way, in my office in the college building, there would come odd times of silence.

. . . . . .

No, it was not silence. There were sounds.

There was a man walking in a hallway in the college building outside my door. Once when this happened I counted the man's footsteps. Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight.

I was looking at the girl—the woman—and she was looking at me.

. . . . . .

Well, you see I was an older man. I was married.

I am not such an attractive man. I did, however, think she was very beautiful. There were plenty of young fellows about.

. . . . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I remember now that when she had been with me like that—after she had left—I used to sit sometimes for hours alone in my office as I have been sitting here, in this hotel room in a strange town.

. . . . . .

I sat thinking of nothing. Sounds came in to me. I remembered things of my boyhood.

I remembered things about my courtship and my marriage. I sat like that dumbly, a long time.

I was dumb but I was at the same time more aware than I had ever been in my life.

It was at that time I got the reputation with my wife of being a little queer. I used to go home, after sitting dumbly like that, with that girl, that woman, and I was even more dumb and silent when I got home.

. . . . . .

"Why don't you talk?" my wife said.

"I'm thinking," I said.

I wanted her to think I was thinking of my work, my studies. Perhaps I was.

. . . . . .

Well, the girl, the woman, was killed. An automobile struck her when she was crossing a street. They said she was absent-minded—that she walked right in front of a car. I was in my office, sitting there, when a man, another professor, came in and told me. "She is quite dead, was quite dead when they picked her up," he said.

"Yes." I dare say he thought I was pretty cold and unsympathetic—a scholar, eh, having no heart.

"It was not the driver's fault. He was quite blameless."

"She walked right in front of the car?"

"Yes."

I remember that at the moment I was fingering a pencil. I did not move. I must have been sitting like that for two or three hours.

. . . . . .

I got out and walked. I was walking when I saw a train, so I got on.

Afterward I telephoned to my wife. I don't remember what I told her at that time.

It was all right with her. I made some excuse. She is a patient and a good-natured woman. We have four children. I dare say she is absorbed in the children.

I came to a strange town and I walked about there. I forced myself to observe the little details of life. That time I stayed three or four days and then I went home.

. . . . . .

At intervals I have been doing the same thing ever since. It is because at home I grow dull to little things. Being in a strange place like this makes me more aware. I like it. It makes me more alive.

. . . . . .

So you see it is morning and I have been in a strange town, where I know no one and where no one knows me.

As it was yesterday morning, when I came here, to this hotel room, there are sounds. A boy whistles in the street. Another boy, far off, shouts "A-ho."

There are voices in the street, below my window, strange voices. Some one, somewhere in this town, is beating a carpet. I hear the sound of the arrival of a train. The sun is shining.

I may stay here in this town another day or I may go on to another town. No one knows where I am. I am taking this bath in life, as you see, and when I have had enough of it I shall go home feeling refreshed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johns Hopkins Grapples with the Law

BY FRANK R. KENT

Not to teach but to produce facts which may introduce science into law-making was the Institute for the Study of Law established, in a spirit analogous to that which made the Medical School great.

EVERY reflective person who fully grasps the idea behind the Institute for the Study of Law at the Johns Hopkins University, just now beginning to function, thrills over its possibilities and is fascinated by the greatness of the conception. To really understand, it is necessary to take the long view, to see way back as well as far forward; to perceive the distance civilization has travelled and the direction in which it is going as well as the place it at present stands. If that sort of view is taken then it is impossible not to vibrate to the magnitude of the meaning of this new Hopkins movement. Because while it is one of those things from which little can be expected soon, the more its purpose is considered and the clearer becomes the condition at which it aims, the surer it seems that from few other activities of the day can quite so much be ultimately hoped.

This is no school of law where students are trained for the practice of a profession. It is no place where men take a course and graduate with a degree. There will be no lawyers manufactured by the Institute for the Study of Law. There will be no diplomas and no students in the ordinary sense, not even teachers as teachers are commonly regarded in educational circles. It is as far removed from that sort of thing as it is possible to be. The men who are there—and those who will come there—are there or will come there not to learn the law but to study the law, the two things being in the minds of those responsible for the establishment and conduct of the Institute widely separated and wholly different. It is a little difficult to present succinctly the fundamental thought back of all this. Perhaps it will be best as a basis to state a few broad, general and perfectly obvious facts, to wit—

In this world man's relation to man is largely a matter of law. All human society is thus regulated. All Government rests upon the law. Without law there would of course be chaos. The law is the foundation stone of civilization. Let it break down and the reversion to barbarism is inevitable. In the early days the laws by which society was governed were few, simple, clear, adequate and well understood. To-day the laws are complex, muddy and multitudinous. No man—judge, lawyer or layman—is posted about them or can keep pace with them. They overlap, duplicate, pile up and pyramid. It is impossible alike to know them and observe them. What is legal in one section is illegal in another. What is right here is wrong some place else. One state meets a condition with one law, another meets the same condition with another. There is neither uniformity, soundness, sanity nor sense about the vast legal web in which we are caught. Its terrific tangles make a joke of justice and affect the lives of every citizen, big or little. Not many will regard this as an exaggerated statement of the condition. Not many will dispute that things grow not better but worse, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the condition constitutes a menace not pleasant to dwell upon. So far as I know, no one has ever computed the number of State and federal statutes now in effect in the United States, but a fair estimate may be furnished by illustrations. In one State alone—Pennsylvania—there are 42,000 laws, which are added to at the rate of 500 a year. Approximately 450 new laws are passed by Congress every year and a code of federal statutes would call for not less than 17,000 sections. Mr. Root has estimated that in a five-year period 62,000 laws are passed in the United States. As to court decisions embodying so-called "judge-made laws" the Century Digest summarizes about one million reported cases and the appellate courts, State and federal, grind out some 22,000 decisions annually. The conflict and confusion are conceded. They are in fact too obvious to argue about. In a civilized country every human is amenable to law. To a great extent the happiness, health and general welfare of all of us depend upon the statutes under which we live. Few persons capable of a comprehensive view of our system of government will deny that one of its real tests is whether it can survive undamaged through many more generations the unrestrained, irresponsible, utterly idiotic annual unloading upon the country by the legislative bodies set up in cities, State and nation of thousands of laws without regard to experience or facts. We have reached a state where the trenchant remark of the famous Mr. Bumble that "the law is a ass" seems to a good many who have studied the subject to be more serious than it sounds, not so funny as has been thought—in fact a not intemperate statement.

In the last fifty years the material development of the world has probably been greater than in all the preceding period from the time of Julius Cæsar down. Wholly aside from the menace of the multiplicity of undigested new laws above stressed, the point is made that much of the law is rooted in the conditions of a time when the whole aspect of society was of a dissimilar character, when the purposes, habits, contacts of individuals were quite different, and that the law has not kept pace with the changes. In the first publication describing the scope of the new Institute recently prepared at the University, this situation is thus spoken of:

"The changes that have followed the introduction of power machinery and the on-sweep of the industrial age; the shifting of great masses of population from the rural districts to the cities; the change of occupations, habits, contacts and thoughts of individuals; the weakening regulation and control by the church; the suddenly acquired mobility of both persons and ideas due to new inventions; the rapidly increasing size and complexity of business; the changing position of woman and the family; the concentration of governmental functions and the altered status of the individual —these but suggest the extraordinary economic and social changes of the last half-century which have created corresponding problems in the administration of law."

There is nothing sacred about the law which requires immutability or even justifies the inertia with which it is so frequently charged. Assuming that the laws of several generations ago were well adapted to conditions then existing and should not be changed without good and sufficient reason, it has been pointed out, not only by laymen but also by such competent persons as Mr. Elihu Root

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the Chief Justice of the United States, that there has been no such fundamental change in the body of law as to indicate that it has kept abreast with the extraordinary economic and social development of the past century.

Instead of well-thought-out and fundamental changes, the great body of the law has remained the same for generations. All that has happened has been the terrible, helter-skelter additions, amendments and alterations above described, piling up year after year on top of the decayed, or at least outdated foundations.

That is the picture. It is not a pretty one but its fidelity to the facts is hard to deny. It is true it is merely an outline but sufficient I think to make clear the challenge for the sort of investigation and study the Institute for the Study of Law is designed to provide.

What, the natural question now is, does the Institute propose to do in the way of remedying this condition? How does it propose to go about this gigantic task? What, if anything, can it do to better the situation, to bring about a more ordered civilization, a more scientific and saner legal structure, a happier and healthier state of affairs? It seems an appalling job. Maybe it can do very little. Maybe it can do much. At any rate the opportunity is so impressive and inspiring, the need so great, the possibilities so extraordinary, that four remarkable men last year were induced to accept the invitation of the University to go to Baltimore as the "originating group" of the new Institute. They are:

Dr. Walter Wheeler Cook, formerly professor of law at Yale;

Herman Oliphant, formerly professor of law at Columbia University;

Leon Carroll Marshall, formerly director of economics and business at the University of Chicago;

Hessel Edward Yntema, formerly professor of Roman law and jurisprudence at Columbia.

Aside from the fact that these men were chosen by the University after an amazingly exhaustive search that covered the whole country and had taken nearly ten years, the significant thing about their acceptance is that each one of them, distinguished in his line and with his services sought by great educational institutions other than his own, not only relinquished a salary in excess of what he now receives, gave up a permanent and important post where the work was congenial, his prospects bright and his reputation established, but came to devote himself to an experiment in which failure is a possibility, success problematical and remote, and present finances meagre, inadequate, precarious. That sort of thing does not often happen in the world. That sort of thing is so rare as to be practically unprecedented. That sort of thing calls for reasons, needs explanations. The reasons in this case are as simple as they are great. The reason the Johns Hopkins University which conceived the idea of this Institute fifteen years ago and which has had it close to its heart ever since, took all that time to make the start is because the vital thing was not finances—the vital thing was men. If the University had had the seven million it some day hopes to have for this purpose, it is doubtful whether the establishment would have been accelerated. That would not have helped much in finding the men. The important thing, the foundation stone was the "originating group." With the right group the start could be made; without the right group it was not worth while to start. It was essential to be sure. That was the reason for the University's delay, why it cherished the idea which was first advanced by B. Howell Gris-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wold, Jr., one of its trustees, for fifteen years without doing much of anything except hunt for the "originating group." Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, Dr. W. W. Willoughby, Dr. Joseph S. Ames, Mr. Griswold and others in the faculty and on the Board discussed it from every angle, submitted it to the leading jurists and lawyers of the country—Hughes, Root, Taft, Stone, Cardoza, Von Maschisker, Bond, Burch and many others; tested its soundness in every possible way, paved the road for its establishment, got the University thoroughly committed, secured agreement that the proposed plan was directly in line with the great Hopkins tradition of research, which in both the University and the Medical School has been so remarkably carried out and adhered to. They made it plain that the idea was by no means merely a legal one, that the study would not be confined to law, though the law is a large and primary part; that it was proposed to enter the whole vast, practically limitless field of man's relation to man. They devoted themselves to general analysis of the causes for the situation with which it was planned to deal and to clear statement of the conditions at which the Institute aims. The most succinct expression of these is as follows:

"We are living in a world that is utterly different from any world that has existed before. Modern science has suddenly compressed the planet we occupy —jamming together into a single community widely diverse peoples and civilizations. . . . And all this has happened in a hundred years, happened so quickly, in fact, that it finds the race utterly unprepared in point of religion, ethics, law, philosophy, economics, politics, and government to meet the exigencies that have arisen. This is the challenge that we face in our generation. It is a challenge the answer to which cannot be postponed. That answer calls for boldness. . . . It involves the analysis and reconsideration of the worth and utility of human institutions and practices."

It seemed to them—these clear-headed scholars, bankers and business men on the Hopkins Board and faculty—that this is peculiarly the sort of challenge to which the Johns Hopkins University should rise—that it completely fitted in with the research conception of the founders of the institution, that if this sort of thing was to be done anywhere —and thoughtful men concede its necessity—the Hopkins with its tradition, its location, its background and spirit, was pre-eminently the place to try it. The more they thought about it the stronger grew their conviction. The longer they discussed it the grander it seemed. They became deeply earnest and enthusiastic about it—still are. About a year ago circumstances rendered the men for whom they were looking available. A group of Baltimoreans—Edwin G. Baetjer, John W. Garrett, Jacob Epstein, Daniel Willard, Theodore Marburg, and B. Howell Griswold, Jr.—underwrote the cost of the Institute, including salaries, for the first three years. An anonymous man of wealth to whom the experiment appealed gave $400,000 for a building on the Hopkins grounds at Homewood, in Baltimore. That was all they had to offer—that is, all except their idea. And yet Cook, Oliphant, Marshall and Yntema came—gave up their jobs, relinquished their prospects and came. The reason they came was not only because they were in love with the idea—not a new one to them—enthusiastically believed in its soundness, thrilled at the opportunity of making its furtherance their life work, but knowing each other they had faith in each other, wanted to work on this idea together.

They are at the University now,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

housed in the administration building, at work, trying to build up an organization, acquire an equipment, lay the foundation and lay it right. What they will achieve they don't know and nobody knows. Their job is to take this great vision of the Johns Hopkins trustees, this idea which they promulgate in such broad, general and sweeping terms, this scheme for making this a better ordered world and improving civilization, and do something practical about it. They may be years getting a start. Nobody wants to hurry them. There is no time-clock for them to punch. There is no date fixed upon which they are expected to deliver. The whole business is up to them. They are to work it out their own way, in their own time. In the medical laboratories the search has been for the basic facts. The discovery of a valuable preventive or curative remedy is not followed by the bottling and advertising of the medicine. The truth with relation to it is stated as clearly as possible, rendered completely incontrovertible and made completely available—with the assumption that the truth itself will prevail. So with the work of the Institute for the Study of Law. All the trustees have to do with them now is to provide the money—already provided for three years—to provide more for expansion and progress, to guard against their being cramped, to furnish them facilities and encouragement, to see that they are kept wholly free from entangling commitments as to personnel or policies, and that no hint or suggestion of propaganda is permitted to handicap them. Gradually they will gather about them a staff. Slowly they will attract scholars—students to train in research, students who do not want to practise law but study law and its effects, good and bad; students who will help shed light on the appalling legal web in which we are enmeshed. The hope is to attract men who, devoting their lives to the work, may radiate a new spirit, inspiring the foundation of similar institutions in other places, and thus result in an increasingly larger number of scholars to whom in the years to come legislative bodies as well as the public may look for advice and guidance in vital social and economic matters.

The "originating group" of the Institute for the Study of Law is interestingly comparable to the "originating group" with which the Johns Hopkins Medical School and Hospital was founded, and which was in large measure responsible for the development of that great institution the fame of which has spread all over the world and from which have come discoveries of infinite benefit to the health of humanity. Fifty years ago Daniel Coit Gilman, the first President of the University, in furtherance of the research idea, sought the right men with whom to establish the Medical School in connection with the University. Four men were finally chosen. Two of them were surgeons, one an internal-medicine man, the fourth a pathologist. They were:

William Osler, William H. Welch, Howard A. Kelly, William S. Halstead.

Two of them, Osler (the chief), later Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at the University of Oxford, a great philosopher and writer and man as well as a great physician, and Halstead, among whose notable achievements was the application locally of anæsthesia, which has relieved the human race of incalculable pain, are dead. The other two, Welch and Kelly, still live. The Hopkins Hospital and Medical School are largely what these four men made them. They laid the foundation, supplied the spirit, attracted the students, organized the work, furnished

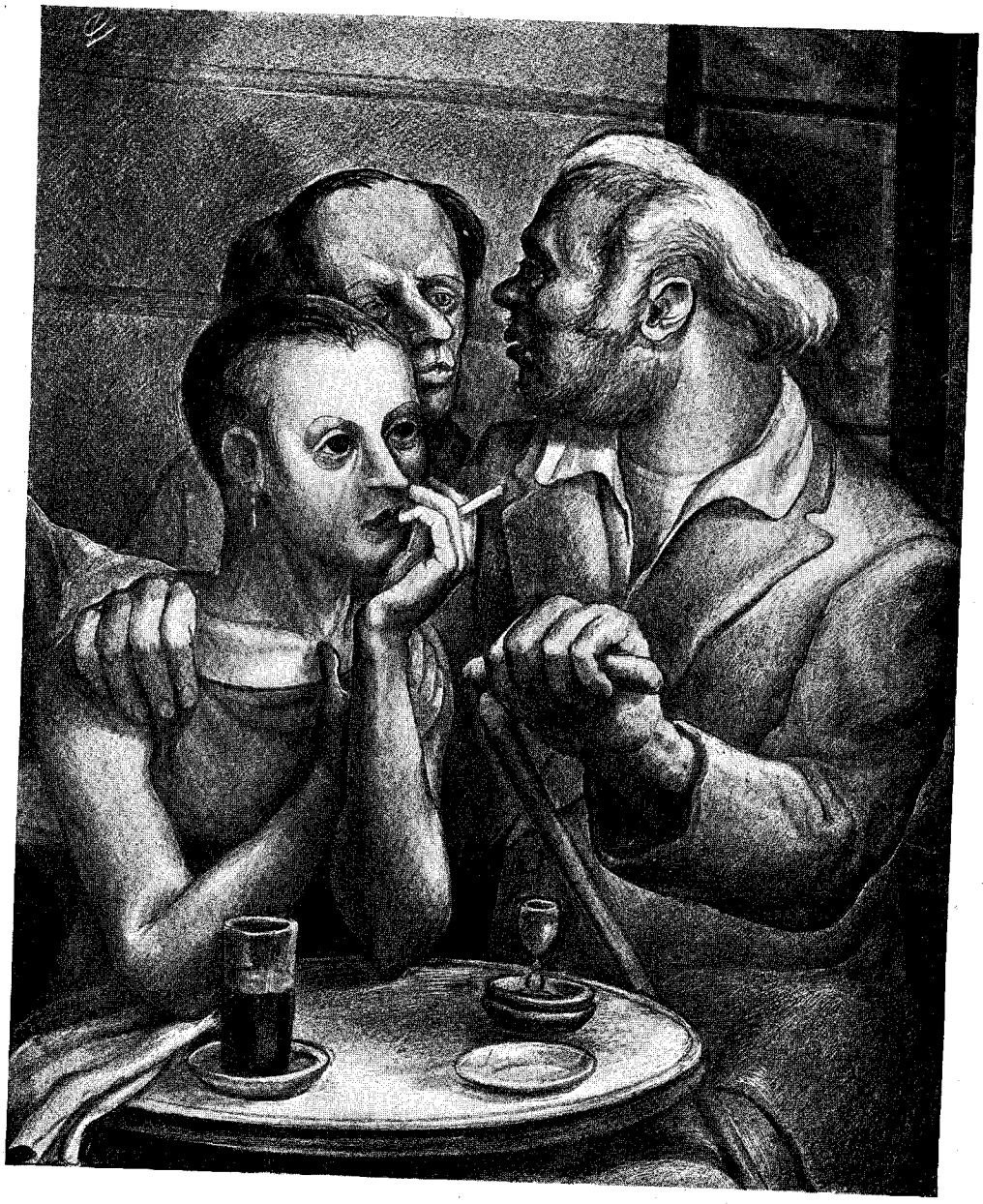
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the guidance and judgment. They were its inspiration and main-spring. Not long ago former President Eliot of Harvard University said of the Johns Hopkins Medical School: "The prodigious advancement of medical teaching which has resulted from the labors of the Johns Hopkins Faculty of Medicine is an achievement which must be counted as one of superb beneficence." Primarily that is a tribute to Osler, Welch, Halstead and Kelly, the "originating group." "It is true," writes one who did as much as any other in inducing Cook, Oliphant, Marshall and Yntema to go to Baltimore, "that the foundation of the Medical School was coincident with a tide in medical affairs that was urging toward accomplishment. Yet it may not be unfair to say that the purposes and ideals of the Medical School played their part in the complete transformation of medicine. The purpose of the Medical School was the training of men equipped for observation and accurate deduction, the gathering of correct data, followed by close and accurate study. Its objective was the prevention of disease. If we substitute 'social maladjustment' for 'disease' in the above, could the Institute for the Study of Law ask for a better formula? And is not the field of law worthy of our best thought and consideration? While it may be true that the law cannot create happiness, it can certainly promote, retard and even destroy it." It would be just as absurd to ask the "originating group" of the Law Institute what it proposes to do first as to have asked that other originating group—Osler, Welch, Halstead and Kelly—with what they were going to start. Stripped to the bone what they propose to do is to collect and correlate accurate data concerning the law as it exists, as it is created and as it is administered, its human effects and its true significance in the human scene. With this data scientifically prepared, analyzed and digested, checked and rechecked, it will draw the incontrovertible conclusions. In other words it will, through the gathering of statistics and information and their exhaustive study and examination from the standpoint of human experience and history, arrive at the truth. As and when they get the truth it will be laid upon the Hopkins doorstep, available there to all who seek it. In the course of time, if the men who are giving their lives to this work have any measure of success, the Institute for the Study of Law should become a great national Bureau of Information to which the law-making bodies and the law-makers of cities, States, and nation could turn for the facts, could rely upon them as facts when they got them, know they were without taint of prejudice, propaganda, partisanship or politics, furnished by scientists whose sole aim is to find the truth, who would not put them out unless and until they will stand every test. To do anything else would not only nullify the purpose of the Institute but destroy it. Of course complete success in this work is an obvious impossibility. No one is so impractical as to expect it. Obviously there can be no such thing as finishing their job. There is no more limit to the task they have set themselves than there is to the labors of the laboratory men in the Medical School. Complete success is not possible but great progress is possible—if the foundations are rightly laid and the immensity of the proposition does not cause a loss of the sense of proportion—above all does not prevent the work from being concretely and preeminently practical. That is the big point. That is the great problem with which the originating group now wrestles—how to take this Hopkins idea and start it in a practical way. It is no job for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theorists or dreamers. It is a job for trained, able, clear-headed and big men, which is exactly what the Institute for the Study of Law thinks it has in its "originating group." It is easy to conceive of these men futilely worrying at the gigantic structure of the law and getting nowhere. It is easy to see how they can become lost in a wilderness of data, unable to compress it into concrete, comprehensive, and convincing form. On the other hand it is possible to conceive of them making a real start, taking hold of one relatively simple and concededly sick situation at a time, devoting themselves to making the first intensive and exhaustive study of it, getting into position where with the weight of scientific authority they can clearly disclose the causes of trouble and reveal the remedy, in a way not possible for any other existing agency. With the truth thus made plain it is not so easy to conceive the bench and the bar and the press and the public ignoring it, hard to think that eventually it will not prevail. It ought to have the same weight—because the investigations will be conducted in the same spirit and the investigators will be of the same type, inspired by the same research idea—as a discovery in the laboratory of the Medical School and Hospital. Suppose for example that a concededly correct diagnosis of the troubles, plus a proven way to cure them, can incontrovertibly be presented concerning the costs and delays of litigation, which often amount to a denial of justice; concerning our laws with reference to domestic relations—divorce, the custody of orphaned children, bastardy; concerning the inadequacy of the libel law; of the proper compensation for those injured as well as the proper defense against unscrupulous claimants; concerning the laws relating to master and servant, to loan sharks and insurance—suppose the full truth about all or any of these concededly defective instruments is disclosed after exhaustive scientific research, it is certainly reasonable to think the facts will in time have the corrective effect. Two things about the Institute should help make its conclusions effective, when and if obtained. One is that it will be wholly devoid of reform flavor. It is not part of its job to try to secure the adoption of the cures for the law's ills it discovers. It is not concerned in that. That will come from the revealed truth. All it is interested in is in getting at the facts about a problem and rendering them available. That done it goes to another problem. The other is because there will be no such complaint about the Institute as Justice Holmes once made about lawyers. "The trouble with so many of them is," he said, "that just when I want figures they become rhetorical." The Institute will not be rhetorical. It will not give opinions. It will state facts. That is the whole idea. Of course the work is slow and of course it is expensive, but neither time nor money, it is believed, will long be lacking to insure the permanency of the Institute and its ultimate expansion into a great national asset. It is not now possible for it to function on an elaborate scale. It awaits the funds to call the right men to staff the Institute, to enable it to meet adequately the high costs of investigation and study. But the start has been made—and that's the important thing. No other agency in the world is engaged on this problem. No other university has entered this field of research. The plans have the enthusiastic support of the leaders of thought in the country, laymen as well as lawyers and jurists. The initial programme is conceded sound. The start has been made—and none too soon.

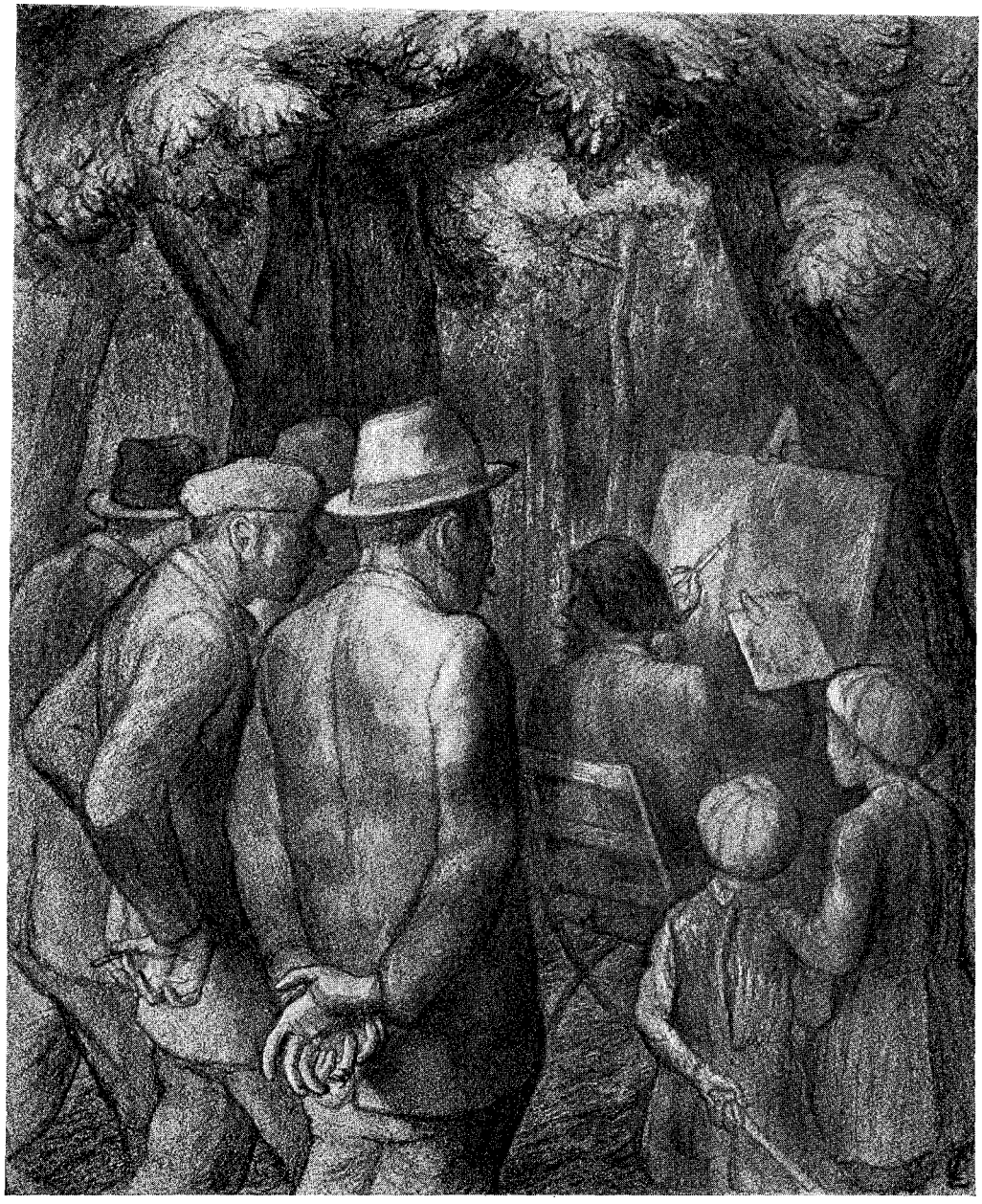
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At The Dôme.

From a lithograph by Charles Locke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In The Luxembourg.

From a lithograph by Charles Locke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eleven A. M.

BY JOHN J. NILES
Author of
"Singing Soldiers," "One Man's War," and "The Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"

Remarkable documents, gathered from friend and foe, which will change the home folks' conception of what the boys did when the order "Cease Firing" was given on November 11, 1918. Here is a high light of the war indeed: a dozen personal records, typifying the experiences of five hundred men and women.

BEFORE daylight on the morning of November 11, 1918, there was a scratching of pens in Maréchal Foch's private car. It was an historic moment. While the ink was still wet the official news of the signing of the Armistice was being broadcast to every corner of the civilized world. Almost at once a lot of strange things happened. Some civilians still believe that the Allied Armies stepped gaily out of the trenches, changed into clean uniforms and went to London, Paris, or Rome to celebrate.

The result of ten years' research and investigation proves to me that nothing could be further from the truth. Some men did go into the larger cities on the Continent and made merry after the fashion of most merry-making. But when the tumult and the shouting died and quiet was once more restored along the front, many a good soldier man could not stand the reaction. They went what we call "haywire." Some laughed. Some cursed. Some drank. A few danced. And others wept. All five methods are recognized in the psychology of relaxation.

To gain a faithful picture of what happened at eleven o'clock on that memorable morning, a questionnaire was presented to many soldiers and welfare workers. It has been answered by nearly five hundred men and women representing practically every branch of the military organizations engaged in the World War. Not all the answers were worth recording. Of them all, we have selected thirteen examples in an attempt to record the effect of the Armistice from an emotional point of view. The first one is from a medical man in the English Army. He was engaged in facial reconstruction in one of the British hospitals.

Where were you on the 11th of November, 1918?.... Amiens, France.

What were you doing?.... Trying to get a little sleep.

What did you do when you heard the news of the Armistice?.... Asked my friends what it was all about. They said an armistice had been signed—that the war was over. So I turned over and went back to sleep.

What did your comrades do?.... Exactly the same thing.

Were there any prisoners near by and what did they do?.... There were some prisoners; they carried out the garbage and cleaned our laboratory. They said it was a great military feat to win the war, but that Germany had other ways of declaring herself besides fighting. (We have since discovered this to be a painful truth.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How did you celebrate? . . . . Did not celebrate. We merely carried on as we had before. I do believe that we had strawberry jam that day in our mess instead of the deadly plum and apple we hated so much. The English aren't given to celebrating so much. You see, we were rather afraid it wasn't true.

From an aviator in the 1st Pursuit Group, U. S. Army, Rembrecourt, France:

I can't remember just what time it was but all of a sudden the telephone rang. We had been eating and talking and drinking and smoking, as usual. The captain answered the telephone. Those of us who were looking saw a strange look come into his face. He turned to us and seemed to be looking miles over our heads. He forgot to hang up the receiver. He didn't seem to have exactly the right words. But he stood very straight and finally we understood. To-morrow morning. Eleven o'clock. Armistice. No more war. C'est la fin de la guerre! But no one believed it. We had been April-fooled too often.

After all, there had been an Issoudun. And a young, disorganized air service. And that war was the kind of thing that just went on and on and on. It couldn't end. And if it did, what would we do!

But outside there was a terrific roar. Light flooded in our windows. The captain was trying to explain something. No one listened. We couldn't have heard him anyhow. One pilot fell forward, head on his arms, sobbing. Others screamed like madmen. There were pistol shots. There were also Very's lights and star shells and parachute flares. Metal tanks of gasoline were being thrown on a huge bonfire. We ran out in the direction of our hangars. One man fired his pistol until it got too hot to hold. He then gave up firing, and going from man to man, explained how "those boys" out there would never get him now. Every time he said "those boys" he pointed in the direction of the front lines.

Then we remembered the casualty list. The air was suddenly full of ghosts—Lufbery, Roosevelt, Frank Luke, Ham Coolidge; Saunders from Montana; Kiffen Rockwell, Frank Baylies, Chamberlain. And then some one said, "Say, did you know Dave Putnam?" And I said, "Yes, I knew him, and I remember the day he went down, September 18, 1918."

Somehow, most of us were glad and sad in spurts. The jazz band from the 147th did its best. The captured German piano was played in relays. The pianists banged in what appeared to be an attempt to get even. "Mlle. from Armentiers" was also paraded out for all the world to see.

The major made a speech. Some of the boys listened; others of us danced and drank. As I went back to my quarters a long while later, I passed a pilot sitting beside a little hole. His feet were submerged in about six inches of water. Perhaps it was more than six inches. He held his head in his hands. He repeated the same phrase over and over and over again. "We won't be shot at any more!" "We won't be shot at any more!"

Inside my barracks my buddy was trying to get a visiting pilot to undress and turn in. But the visiting pilot wrung his hands and declared that his girl would never understand. (This was partly due to his inability to carry his liquor like a man.) I said, "What's your girl got to do with the signing of the Armistice?" He said his girl was more important than forty armistices. She was also blonde and lived in Davenport, Iowa. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laughed. He paced up and down between the bunks and said I was an unsympathetic fool. Wham! went the nearby anti-aircraft battery. Outside they were singing:

"A poor aviator lay dying,
At the end of a bright summer's day.
His comrades had gathered around him,
To carry his fragments away."

I lay down on my bunk fully dressed. A delicious sense of fatigue crept over me. I tried to think. But the air was full of ghosts. I recited the casualty list over to myself and wondered how I had been missed.

From the observations of a colored college professor who lives and teaches in the State of Tennessee:

Twelve negroes were sitting in an elephant-iron-topped shelter. They had salvaged a piece of sheet iron and with the use of a few bricks had constructed something that resembled a stove. The problem of getting rid of the smoke had not been considered.

From the shelter came an old familiar chant. One voice sang the first line—

"This may be the last time we'll ever fight together."

Then the other eleven voices declared,

"This may be the last time,"

and the soloist hung on the tag line,

"I don't know."

At that moment a sergeant put his head in the shelter door. "Come outen dis here smoke house. You-all is a sittin' 'round in dar like a bunch o' half-smoked hams. Dis *is* de las' time we'll ever fight together. Dey has signed a armistice and dat means we don't hab no more war. Haul yo' freight outside an' gimme a hand on dis here narrow-gauge locomotive. It's offen de track."

"Sergeant," said a tall colored lad named Highbinder (he was from Chicago), "lissen to me, sergeant, has we paid our debt to Lafayette?"

"I reckon we has, boy, and bring yo' pick wid you!"

"Well, sergeant," continued Highbinder, "I says dis, ef we has paid our debt to Lafayette, who de hell does we owe now?"

Outside there was a great shout. A group of white artillerymen were trying to sing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." One of the artillerymen sat on the side of what was once a very fine highroad. He was weeping. The rumor about the cessation of hostilities affected men strangely. The negroes didn't seem to be in much of a hurry about the narrow-gauge locomotive. They stood still a moment and unconsciously gathered around the bass who was admitted to be the leader in singing.

There was a pause and then in the voice of a contrabassoon, he sang,

"Soldier, go put up yo' gun,"

then all together they sang,

"Soldier, go put up yo' gun,
In a dat mornin' when de Lord says hurry."

Here was an idea. For four years the civilized world had been shouting, "Soldier, pick up your gun! Fly your airplane! Drop your bombs! Lay waste the cities!" But it fell to the lot of a simple Alabama negro to say,

"Soldier, go put up yo' gun,
In a dat mornin' when de Lord says hurry."

The white boys stopped singing "Hail, Hail," and stood looking at one another rather foolishly. The negroes continued and the next verse was one about happiness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, children, go clap a yo' hands,
Children, go clap a yo' hands,
Oh, children, go clap a yo' hands,
In a dat mornin' when de Lord says hurry."

And suddenly every one began to realize that the artillery bombardment was over. The quiet was almost oppressive. Men looked at one another and wondered. One lad took off his gas mask and threw it away. That gesture was a symbol. He then opened his tunic and extracted a pair of new socks from his inside pocket and proceeded to take off his mud-sodden shoes and make a very necessary change of raiment. The war was over!

The one thought that was uppermost in the minds of men who had helped bury a buddy or a brother or other relative was, "How will I explain it to the family? Shall I do it scientifically with maps, indicating the exact spot with a cross, or shall I simply say, 'He died with his boots on and we buried him'? Or shall I be incoherent and subtly sad and pass it off that way?"

The negro soldier, whose tremendous emotional nature is happily so near the surface, was moved by this thought perhaps more than many others. The twelve black men and their sergeant who had done the singing remembered their casualty list, and it was a considerable one. The remnants of their battalion would sooner or later get back to Harlem, to South Side Chicago, to the levees along the Mississippi, and to the cotton patches and the cane brakes of the far South. They would have to explain how certain lads checked off, what kind of burial they had had, if any at all. They would have to say something that would dry the eyes of Mammy, of a sister, of a wife, or perchance the high yellow sweetheart who had got on dancing in a Harlem night club.

The most natural thing was to sing about it. The original twelve had been augmented by stragglers from a near-by wagon train—wagon-train men and machine gunners. It was a great moment! The war was over! At least, that's what the sergeant had said. He had also said something about a narrow-gauge locomotive, but somehow the width and depth of the Jordan River was more important at 11 A. M., November 11, 1918.

The leader asked one question—

"Wasn't that a wide river?"

And with one voice they all agreed that it had been a wide river, but that there was still one more river to cross.

"Many ob my friends is gone,
One more ribber to cross,
When my time comes, I'll follow on,
One more ribber to cross."

A group of French peasants came up along the shell-pitted road. They were mostly women and little children. An old man led the procession. They carried what they thought was an American flag. It was, in fact, a pathetic imitation. As the peasants passed the American soldiers, they paused. The negroes had stopped singing. The Frenchman removed his hat and waved the ill-designed flag. His voice was choked with emotion. It was an old voice. His sentiments were old too, but like great truths and genuine thoughts, they had become mellowed by age and long use.

"Vive la victoire! Vive les Americains! Vive les Americains noirs! Nos braves —jeunes—courageux—" and then, although his voice stopped, every one seemed to understand that a great oration had been made. That there would be peace on earth and a semblance of good-will between men. And with the unbelievable detachment of simple people, the negroes moved off down the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

track where they went to wrestling with the little narrow-gauge locomotive. They were already crossing the next river.

From a Red Cross girl:

Swish, swish, dip, drain! Swish, swish, dip, drain! Then do it all over and over again.

I made up a little rhyme to help me through the washing of dirty cocoa cups. They were tin cups, made by German prisoners. The cocoa dried inside the cups. I usually soaked them before washing. We weren't fortunate enough to have dish mops. The soldiers contrived them for us by attaching a piece of cloth to a stick. It had rained for days.

And my heart—it was heavy too! Life was a continual stream of soldiers going up and ambulances coming back. The soldiers going up were noisy. The ambulances coming back were quiet. But the ambulances had a smell all their own. Every ambulance has, if it has ever been used for more than a week.

The girl who worked with me had a beau-lover in an artillery outfit. His outfit had gone forward as a sacrifice battalion. After that he had been classified as "missing in action." It's terrible to be just missing. If you're dead, you're dead, and your friends can go on and do their weeping and try to forget. But to be missing is to be continually expected. Anabelle never gave up. As long as it was light enough to distinguish men's faces she watched the passing columns. I said, "What if he should pass at night!" She only sobbed and shook her head. Her tears fell into the dish water.

Swish, swish, dip and drain. Swish, swish, dip and drain. Endless tin cups containing the dried remains of cocoa and coffee. Then came the night of the 10th of November. It was just exactly like all the other nights except that I was a little more weary. Anabelle had apparently wept all her tears. The Front was so far away, owing to the rapid advance, that we were almost in the S. O. S. I went to bed some time after midnight. When I say went to bed, I mean that I sat down in a chair with all my clothes on and tried to sleep. It was too cold to sleep, so I got up and put on a soldier's overcoat. An ambulance driver had given it to me. He got it from the body of a dead soldier.

Some time before daylight I was awakened by a loud knocking on the canteen door. There stood the Signal Corps sergeant who lived near by and looked after the carrier pigeons. I knew him well. His name was Phil. There was a French soldier with him. Phil said, "The war's over!" His voice wasn't glad. It was terrible! I said, "But, Phil, how can it be! How can it be!" And then the Frenchman interrupted. I have never known such eloquence. He proved to be a teacher of ancient languages at the Université de Lyon. He spoke about the glory of France and the bravery of her sons. And he took off his hat and declared that the Americans were a glorious collection of madmen who never knew when they were licked and thereupon won unbelievable victories.

It must have been a long time. Finally they left. I went back to the room where Anabelle and I slept. I said, "There has been an armistice." But she was reading her lover's letters. Outside two soldiers were singing that terrible verse about "Mlle. from Armentiers." How the

"Mademoiselle couldn't keep the love of her Yankee man
'Cause she took her baths in a talcum can.
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous."

An hour later I was washing the cups

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left over from the night before. Swish, swish, dip, drain. Swish, swish, dip, drain. Then do it all over and over again. All day long Anabelle looked for her lover. She never saw him again.

We fed more soldiers that day than any day in the war. The Armistice was a lot of hard work for me.

From a German ex-soldier, now living in Leipzig:

There were four prisoners. One of them had graduated from a German university. The other three were born artists. They had the thing the university could never give. But the university graduate was willing to learn. They had been captured early in the war. The month was September and the year was 1914. The advance on Paris had failed.

Four men were numbered and marked P. G. and led away into the interior of France—German prisoners of war! Two of them ultimately made tin cups for the A. E. F. One made wooden kitchen articles for our cantonments. The university graduate painted barracks and other buildings for the Allies. All four worked and tried to forget.

When at last they knew the end was near, there was great sadness among them. They had reason to believe that the Kaiser was right—William the Second, Emperor of Germany. So when the Armistice was announced they wept quietly, for they were still royalists and believed the Kaiser should have won. There was no celebration nor singing among them. But their feelings demanded expression.

So it happened that the wood carver found an unused plank. Sharpening up his tools, he went to work. At length he had carved a crucified figure of the Kaiser. It was one metre high and the cross was strong and stubby. The house painter, also heartbroken over the defeat, painted the cross red and tinted the body and the features of William the Second until the likeness was rather terrifying. And the tinsmiths! They worked all one night by candle-light until they had fashioned a crown of tin thorns.

Next morning the four of them stood bareheaded before the crucified Kaiser. The cross was Red Revolution and the crown represented the modern iron age. The rump ends of two nearly burned-out candles flickered before the figure. There was no singing of songs.

From an American machine gunner:

Cliff was a sergeant in a machine-gun outfit. I had known him since the early days when we were on the border. He had always loved animals. When we started to France our captain told Cliff to dispose of the goat. The goat was named "Larry" and had little ornamental knobs on his horns. The goat went everywhere we went.

We stepped aboard the transport at Hoboken about 3 P. M. on the 15th of October, 1917. It was a murky afternoon. The ship was the foulest thing I had ever encountered up to that time. It was covered with an accumulation of four years of grime and rust. Larry the goat went aboard with us. He was swung in a burlap sack on two stretcher poles. Being a small goat he was easily managed. And he kept quiet—that was most important. But the murkiness of the afternoon helped.

When we disembarked in England we sang the wildest songs you have ever heard to overcome Larry's bawling. The English disembarkation officer thought we were insane, going to war in an English rain-storm singing like madmen. When we finally got to France, Larry was our prize exhibit. Generals laughed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loud and long over our escapade. Larry became one of Sergeant Cliff's chief cares.

Well, finally, we got to making the big war. We buried men and made a few advances. The advances were not in proportion to the graves. If we had advanced ten thousand miles it would still have been out of proportion. Of course, this is only my idea and you can agree with me or not. I am Democratic America to some extent though, and I think the things of the common people. I repeat, everything was wofully out of proportion.

Sergeant Cliff and I somehow missed getting bumped off. Larry was not so fortunate. We still believe that some one poisoned him. All along the route of our march Sergeant Cliff would be stopping and patting dogs on the head and throwing cats a hunk of his mess. And we had little enough mess too.

Finally the Armistice was signed. Some of our replacements went A W O L and we never saw them again. There was a certain amount of excessive drunkenness. Some of the boys just sat and looked. A few of them acted like farm hands when the harvesting season is over—where would they go next—what to do!

Sergeant Cliff had developed a new pet. It was a mangy little cur dog—black with an impish white face. Cliff used to leave the dog with the rolling kitchens. The cooks looked after the little cur because they liked Cliff. Then too, he was a sergeant and was not to be irritated by K. P.s.

Ever since the beginning of the Argonne drive—that was September 26—Sergeant Cliff had been getting rather morose. He was quiet when he should have been cheerful and full of pep.

We found out about the Armistice just after daylight on the morning of the 11th of November. And as I told you before, a lot of insane things happened. But the wildest of all was Sergeant Cliff's performance. He waited until our rolling kitchens came up. Then he got out his automatic .45 and as the little white-faced dog ran up to him, he shot him six times. Every shot went home. Cliff was a remarkably fine shot. I remember so well how the empty cartridges sizzled when they fell on the wet ground. You know how hot empties sizzle when they fall on wet ground—sizzle and smoke a little bit.

One of the cooks buried the dog. Later that day the ambulance men called for Sergeant Cliff. He was raving mad. They took him away to a hospital where men were treated for what they called "shell shock." We never saw him again. Our cooks did what they could to garnish up the slum that day; it was the captain's orders. But my appetite was entirely gone. I could think of nothing but that poor little black dog stopping six slugs from a .45 automatic for no good reason at all.

From a French veteran now living in Boulogne. Before the war he was an official in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. When his class was called, he was assigned to the task of maintaining telephonic communications. In this capacity he served in one of the most dramatic moments of the war, helping to install and maintain the communications between Maréchal Foch's private train and the outside world during the actual period of the Armistice negotiations.

To begin with I must go back to the afternoon of the 7th of November, when Admiral Wemyss and his staff came aboard our train at the station at Senlis. Senlis is about half-way between Paris and Compiègne. After dinner M. le

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maréchal Foch arrived and before midnight we were standing on a siding in the dreary forest of Compiègne. We were actually near the little village of Franc-Port. That is, we were about six and one-half kilometres from the city of Compiègne.

It had rained for days. Everything was covered with water and mud. The forest dripped continually even when no rain was falling. Our spirits were very low. Of course, we had heard rumors of an armistice. No man can work on the lines of communication without finding out things, particularly when he is employed on the Maréchal's lines of communication.

Our staff of telephone men went to work at once and presently we were talking to the outside world. The air was full of wireless messages. Some of them came from the German stations telling us of German victories. Some time before it was fully light on the morning of November the 8th another locomotive steamed in beside us. We had advance news of its passenger list. It carried the German delegation, ten in number. They had crossed the Front somewhere on the St. Quentin highroad between Guise and La Capelle. A bugler had preceded their motor-car. I cannot tell you what call he played, as I am no musician. It was just a call, I suppose, on which every one concerned had previously agreed.

I can't remember about the German train. It was, I believe, three coaches. One of our guard detail reported its arrival to General Weygand's aide and then the general took the news to Maréchal Foch. Almost every one on the Maréchal's train wanted to see the Germans first. Some of the guards say that even the Maréchal looked out one of his windows. I didn't see that, although I rather believe it. A comrade of mine contends that a little wooden walk was constructed so that the German representatives would not get muddy in passing from one train to the other. I do not remember the wooden walk. It may have existed.

The meeting took place inside the famous old dining car, Number 2419-D. The important Germans were Captain Helldorf (he was later sent back to Spa as a messenger); Herr Erzberger; Herr Count Obendorff (we hated him most of all); General Winterfeldt and Captain Vanselow. Maréchal Foch had his usual staff and several high ranking Englishmen who were apparently connected with the Navy. M. le Lieutenant Laperche was, as usual, the interpreter.

The first conference was not awfully long. We were surprised at its brevity. I shall never forget the picture of those German representatives leaving the Maréchal's car. When they entered they were more or less alive. They looked worried, 'tis true, but they seemed to be men who had a mission to perform. They moved quickly. They were alert. But when they came away from that first meeting they knew the extent of their defeat. They moved like revived dead men. Herr Erzberger walked with his head bowed. He was moved most. My comrade said he wept. I do not remember that. We at once had great sympathy for Herr Erzberger. He was a civilian and not a soldier. He knew what the heart of civilian Germany would suffer when the terms of the Armistice were generally known.

After the first meeting was over, there was a pause of seventy-two hours in the proceedings. Captain Helldorf was sent back. He had difficulty getting through the lines. Once we nearly had to fly him to Spa. It seems that the German artil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lery didn't have intelligence enough to allow their own courier to pass. Once we thought they would not accept the terms. No one on our side had any faith in the sincerity of the Germans. We thought it was a trick. We were also bothered because the representatives were of such little importance in German diplomatic and military circles. I say "we" when I really mean the Maréchal and his staff. In France though, every one is concerned and takes what happens as his own personal business. That's our idea of a republican form of government. Those seventy-two hours were deadly and long. No one slept particularly and the cooks cooked badly. I sent endless messages and waded around through mud and water looking after the petty details of my assignment.

At length came the time for the final meeting. It was between two and three o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918. My comrade came to my post and said,

"Paul, the German eagle is eating out of the chanticleer's hand."

He was from southern France and had a very strange accent. All the while I was trying to drink a coffee-cognac and talk to the naval station at Cherbourg. We were all very sleepy. The end of everything was in the air.

They say the first German who tried to sign dropped the pen, and that the Maréchal picked it up for him. This may be a legend. I cannot say. I do know that the actual signing happened some time after 5 A. M. and that we flashed the news at once to the Paris headquarters. Paris in turn advised us that William the Second had fled to Holland.

Then my comrade and I went to visit our immediate chief. We wanted to say something about how pleased we were, but we could say nothing. We stood there like images of men. Then I handed the chief the message about William the Second. Our chief said that in fleeing to Holland William had made his greatest mistake. If he had allowed himself to be killed he would have at once become one of the world's heroes. But a man who runs away will always be despised. Then I tried again to express myself. It seemed to be the moment for some statement of great happiness over our victory. But our chief would have none of it. He simply said that he had secured an appointment for my son to attend the engineering college in Paris. That, he said, should be celebration enough for any father.

A little while later the Maréchal's train left for Paris. I remained behind to look after our mobile equipment. When at last everything was quiet again, I stood alone on the track where the Maréchal's private car had been. The woods dripped rain. Just over the way was the siding where the German train had rested. I thought what history had been made on those two tracks. Then I thought of my son Charles. He would go to Paris to school and be a great engineer. Then I remembered the equipment I must look after. I put my hand into my pocket and there were my nice new wire-cutting pliers. They had been given to me by an American telephone line man. Those Americans always had such superb equipment. That's all.

From a second lieutenant in command of an outfit of long-range heavies:

We were given orders to fire slower and slower and finally stop entirely by 9.30 or 10.00 A. M.; and we would have if the Heinies hadn't dropped a few ash cans right in our middle. I saw very plainly that the boys wanted to go on, so some of them went to digging graves

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the boys who were caught by the German ash cans and the others went to firing every gun that would work. All the other officers in our outfit had disappeared; that's how I was the C. O. I didn't want the job. They gave it to me and said I would like it. I had to. I don't know who figured the firing data for those last two hours of shooting. I know I didn't; and neither do I know what targets the boys picked.

When eleven o'clock finally came there was no celebration among us. We had lost fifteen men since daylight. And it was an unnecessary loss. I mean, there were fifteen graves and I don't remember how many went to the hospital. But among those who remained all in one piece was a private from out in the Northwest. The boys called him Dakota. As soon as the firing was over, he came to me and saluted. We had given up the salute ever since we had actually gone into the war. I said, "What is it, Dakota? Come sit down. Don't stand. The war's over." But he wouldn't sit. He had to stand and talk it out in a very military manner.

It seems that out there in South Dakota where he lived there were long stretches of bad lands, with just a few tortured trees now and then and a little sage and a lot of snow in winter and the blaze of the sun in summer. But it was home to Dakota. He loved it. He wouldn't live anywhere else—not even if he were hired and paid a fair wage. But most important of all was the wife and the red-headed son who would be waiting at the railway station for Dakota when at last he was released from the service. That red-headed son—Dakota's son. That's why Dakota was so glad the war was over.

"I'm purty sure I'll get back now, lieutenant—back to my wife and my son. The country's poor in spots and rich in spots and the winters are long, but it's home, sweet home to me. And Bessie and little Ed'll be there at the station awaitin' for me. That's all, lieutenant. I just want to assure you that I'm glad in my heart even if I don't look so glad in my face, 'cause bein' glad don't affect us all the same way. Not exactly the same way. That's all, lieutenant, sir, and I thank you."

And Dakota's way of being glad took all the wind out of my sails. I went over to look at the fifteen new graves. They were so terribly new. Dakota had missed being in one of them. And knowing my command, I was sure that every man in those fifteen graves would have been glad to die in Dakota's place, rather than disappoint the wife and the little red-headed son.

From the diary of a captain in the U. S. Medical Corps:

Nov. 11, 1918. On duty all night. Wakened out of sound sleep about ten A. M. to attend American aviator. Had mistaken bottle of gasoline for bottle of champagne. Drank about 2/3 of bottle of gasoline. Comrades had given him castor oil, motor oil, lard, water, cognac and corned beef to counteract effects of gasoline. I did the usual things. At 3 P. M. it seemed that he might pull through.

Nov. 12, 1918. Aviator O. K. Says he drank gasoline during a celebration. We have been told that an armistice was signed yesterday temporarily calling off the war. That's why they were making merry. Aviator promises not to go near an open flame for three days as his breath might explode. Indicated light diet and observation for a week. If the armistice is a fact, maybe we can catch up on sleep. We need it, God knows.

The author shamefacedly adds his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own unimportant experience on the night of the 11th of November, 1918:

Time—November 11, 1918. Afternoon.

Place—Orly Seine (American aviation camp just outside of Paris).

Physical condition—walking on two crutches with the assistance of two orderlies.

Lieutenant Wally Johnson was left to look after me while my comrades went to Paris and joined what was perhaps the most extraordinary celebration of modern times. The boys were afraid I would be knocked under foot. Lieutenant Johnson and I began the serious drinking some time after evening mess. We swapped flying stories that I have since forgotten. They would be worth money to-day. Finally Lieutenant Johnson and I decided to take a walk. My orderlies were asleep. I remember nothing of the walk. Lieutenant Johnson must have gone alone. Some time before daylight on the morning of the 12th the other pilots returned from Paris. As they entered the barracks' door, there was much noise, as I remember, about my own celebration. Apparently I had fallen sideways off my crutches and my Sam Browne belt had become hooked onto a very large twenty-penny nail, driven firmly into the barracks' wall. There I hung like a cast-off flying coat. I was in a semi-conscious but very happy state of mind. The boys lifted me off the nail very tenderly and put me to bed. One of my crutches was broken. That seemed to be a sign. I never walked on them again. Next time I walked, it was three orderlies and a cane.

From an infantryman in the 79th New York Regiment:

Where were you on the 11th of November, 1918?....At Stenay, France.

What were you doing?.... Looking for something to eat.

What did you do when you heard the news of the Armistice?.... Continued to look for something to eat.

What did your comrades do?.... The same thing.

Were there any prisoners near by and what did they do?.... There were no prisoners near by; in fact, there may have been, but we weren't looking for prisoners.

How did you celebrate?.... About two o'clock in the afternoon I found a loaf of bread. I believe the ration details had lost it the night before. It was covered with mud. I was about to eat it when an officer and a sergeant came up and begged a share of it. I wiped off the mud and divided it in three equal portions. The officer and the sergeant and I sat on the side of the road and ate it. We agreed that it was the best food we had ever tasted in our lives. That's all the celebration I had. I should add, however, that I slept out in the open that night without fear of anything dropping on me. I had a strange sense of security and peace. I can't exactly describe it, but it must be something like great peace that comes over a fellow when he dies. The night before it had been a man-made hell. On the night of the 11th it was all quiet and very dark and very peaceful. And did I sleep? I'll say I did.

From a non-commissioned officer in the Russian Army, captured in the spring of 1916:

Where were you on the 11th of November?.... Working in an iron mine in Belgium just over the border from France.

What did you do when you heard about the Armistice?.... Didn't hear about it until the 18th.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What did your comrades do?.... All of us just kept on working.

Were there any prisoners near by and what did they do?.... We were all prisoners and all very hungry. We did nothing.

How did you celebrate?.... It happened like this as well as I can remember.

On the 18th of November, 1918, some motor-trucks belonging to an army we had never before encountered, stopped before the gates of our mine. A French officer was among those on the leading truck. He came to where we were working and said the war was over. He then asked us if there was anything he could do for us. We told him that in lieu of the fact that we had not eaten a proper dinner since the early spring of 1916 we would like a little food. We wouldn't need much—just a little—good food.

He conferred with the strange soldiers and presently they asked how many of us had not eaten well since 1916. We said one hundred and fifty who were able to walk and forty who would possibly die in a short while. They then did some calculation. A few minutes later one of the trucks pulled up beside our kitchen and unloaded everything it contained. The French officer explained that the strange soldiers were Americans and that all the food they had given us had come from America.

We were unable to talk. Our benefactors went away before we could thank them. Then we began to cook. At sundown we began to eat. That first dinner lasted three hours. It made many of us sick. It surprised our stomachs too much. After the dinner was over those of us who could sing decided to give thanks in song. Not being a singer myself I listened. I had never heard such music before. I shall perhaps never hear such music again this side of heaven. It was an unbelievable combination of suffering and happiness and homesickness and exaltation. The date was November 18.

Character

By Nancy Hale

She hated him because he never made
Upon her honor any slight attempt.
She hated him because he never bade
Her tell him of the dreams that she had dreamt.

He would not give her husband any cause
For jealousy about philandering.
But most of all she hated him because
He was a gentleman in everything.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a Besieged City

BY MALCOLM LOGAN

Cut off from his usual life by illness, a young newspaper man surveys the future and finds a philosophy of the intensity of the commonplace.

LYING in bed on the sleeping-porch on my first night at the sanatorium, I reviewed the life I had been living for eight years and bade it a long farewell. My education in tuberculosis had only begun, but even then I knew that I had made a definite break with the past, that my illness would cast the future in a different mould. Tuberculosis, unfortunately, is not a disease in which one sharp and decisive battle is fought between the bacilli and the defending forces of the body; it is a lifelong siege. We never conquer the tubercle-bacillus. At best we only hold him at bay, constructing fortifications of scar tissue which wall him in and protect the still undamaged parts of the lungs. He remains always inside those walls, waiting for a breach in them through which he can renew his invasion. Years after we are apparently well, any loss of vitality from other sickness or from fatigue may deliver us again into the hands of the enemy. We live always in a state of siege and we must conduct ourselves accordingly.

Thinking of the past, on this first night, my most vivid memories were of physical pleasures. I thought of the summer night when, celebrating a friend's birthday, we drove far into the country and went swimming in a river at dawn. With this friend also I walked one enchanted night through a city transformed by a great snow-storm which even changed the city's people, so that strangers greeted as friends those fellow adventurers who were abroad. There came to my mind many long mornings when, returned from the newspaper office to my room with other young men, we would argue fiercely for hours about art and life and love. And many other things I recalled: girls I had loved, and the ecstasy and pain they had given me, nocturnal walks through city streets, dances and drunken parties, the delights of swimming and sailing.

During those crowded years I had seldom remembered the limitations of the body. I spent my energy thriftlessly in the pursuit of pleasure and experience. Looking back, I saw that much of the glamour of the past lay in that happy carelessness, that freedom from sobering thoughts of consequences that only the gods and the young may attain.

When I return to the world outside this besieged city, life will be a much more sedate affair. Much of its spontaneity will be gone when health must be considered first and impulse can no longer be freely followed. There will of course remain many pleasures, chiefly those that the arts can give. These I have never neglected; books, music, painting, and thought have been woven into my life with more active enjoyments. But I have loved as greatly those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physical pleasures which I must renounce. These thoughts went through my mind; and as I reflected on them I saw that these lost joys are those which distinguish youth, and that it was my youth to which I was bidding this farewell.

This former self of mine I regarded with the tenderness, half envious, half amused, that we accord the young. It was too early to realize fully or regret this change. I was very tired, content to be at rest among the silent mountains. It was weeks later that the full knowledge of my loss came upon me, and with it rebellion.

There is a memory of the mind and a memory of the emotions. At times we can think without grief of the greatest sorrows of the past, for then the mind alone remembers. But some sensory impression—a perfume or a song—can awaken the emotions; and then we truly remember, seeing in all their cruel lost beauty the days that are dead. . . .

It was some time before I was able to adjust myself to this new life of complete idleness. Idleness and leisure are not, as some suppose, the same thing. Leisure is the privilege of spending the time as you wish, and no sane person wishes to squander it doing nothing. Enforced rest can quickly become the most disagreeable form of labor.

Work had always occupied the major portion of my waking hours, and when that was removed it became necessary for me to find some new interest to replace it. Like most of those around me, I found this substitute in my disease. For a time it became of first importance in my new and unsettled existence. Against the advice of my nurse I obtained a book on the subject from the sanatorium library. I discussed it incessantly with my porch-mates and became inordinately concerned with my pulse and temperature, those daily indices of health.

The silver ribbon in the clinical thermometer is well named for the god Mercury. Four times a day the nurse brought me the glass fetich, and for three anxious minutes I would wait for it to register. If finally Mercury had climbed dangerously near the line marking normal blood-heat, I would be uneasy for the rest of the day; and if he remained well below the line, I would be unreasonably elated. Mercury is a god in his own right, but his greater importance is in his office as messenger of those higher gods, the tubercle-bacilli. He tells us of their wrath or of their toleration of our existence, and we grovel before him. Shakespeare might have been thinking of thermometers when he wrote: "O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

This phase passed in a few weeks and my attitude toward my illness became considerably more rational. On the day I learned that I was tubercular I was overwhelmed by a feeling of uncleanness; I felt that I was shamefully different from those around me and I shrank from contact with them. In the sanatorium I found that every one shared my infirmity. The physicians, nurses, and office employees were nearly all former patients. The consciousness of being diseased became less acute, and finally I could accept it as I would any other fact about myself.

It remains, of course, a very important fact. Some of us go even further than I did and achieve a strange pride in their condition. Disdain is mixed with the envy with which those who are very ill regard those with mild cases; and nearly all cherish a secret sense of importance from living in a community

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which revolves around the patient. The visitors who come among us, being well, seem uninteresting and inferior. They are outsiders, receiving no attention from the physicians, debarred from our rites, unlearned in the mysteries of our religion.

My adjustment to sanatorium life was greatly assisted by Charlie, my porchmate, a boy of twenty who had been "taking the cure" for a quarter of his life. He was an amusing companion, but his cheerfulness was not the false optimism which invalids so often adopt because they cannot bear to look candidly upon the too hard facts of their lives. Unsupported by illusions about his state, Charlie regarded it, as he did all things, with cynical good nature. His companionship and his example helped me to accept my lot without undue complaining.

Two months after my arrival I was well enough to leave the hospital for the greater freedom of a cottage. It was not easy to say good-by to Charlie. He had seen so many leave while he remained behind, struggling with a temperature that would not come down. And less than a year later came an infinitely harder parting. Charlie had decided to go to the Southwest as a last desperate expedient. By imperceptible degrees he had grown so much weaker that he could not leave his bed; but his courage was not shaken nor his laughter silenced. For an hour we talked of trivial things, trying to hide from each other our realization that this was the end. A fortnight after he reached New Mexico word came to me of his death.

We live closer to death than those in the world outside, but because of this it is never unexpected or shocking. Knowing which patients cannot recover, we mourn them in our hearts long before they reach the end against which they struggle with such appalling courage. When some one dies, many of us no doubt feel like the very ill man who said to me: "Well, we're still here." When death takes one, the sense of life is quickened in the survivors. The dark antagonist has been appeased. Our own hold on life seems stronger when he has chosen a victim.

During my first few months, I tried as far as possible to hold myself aloof from my surroundings. I was wholly intent on becoming cured and leaving as soon as I could. It was impossible, however, to maintain this detached attitude, for the ties binding me to the life I had left were gradually loosened. At first I had many letters and visits from my friends in the city, but it was inevitable that these attentions should decrease. In a group of persons living full and normal lives, the place of one who drops out is soon filled. I could not expect my friends to feel as great a need for me as I did for them. I felt no resentment at their forgetfulness, but it forced me to thrust reluctant roots into this alien soil.

To effect a balance between complete acceptance of the new life and revolt from it was difficult. It would be unwise to let dissatisfaction blind me to the good things that are to be found here; and on the other hand it would be disastrous to become too contented with sanatorium life. There is a real danger that the indolence forced upon us may become too fixed a habit. Just as our bodies grow flabby from lack of exercise, so may our minds and wills become soft. There have been patients who have grown to like this life so much that they have shrunk from leaving its security. Against such degeneration we must be always on guard. We must remember that no matter how pleasant it may be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come, this life is barren and evil. Beyond the mountains that imprison us lies a world where there is work to be done, pain to be endured, responsibility to be borne, to which some day we must return.

While we wait for that day there are, as I have said, advantages to be found here. It is a good thing to pause at times in the hurry of existence and reflect on our way of living. Illness invariably compels us to take such an inventory. Faced by the possibility that it may soon end, we ask ourselves candidly whether we have made as much of life as we could. We discover that many of our activities have been stimulated by second-rate motives; that there are other things we might have done with greater pleasure and profit. We grow in self-knowledge, which is the basis of successful living. . . .

Most of my life is spent on the cottage porch. From it the land slopes down through a wood and then rises gradually, like the side of a shallow saucer, to a rim twenty-five miles away. Changing and changeless as the sea are these hills; expressive as the face of a friend and as beloved. I have watched the first shy mist of green come upon the trees in spring, and through slow days I have seen the small leaves grow larger and darker until the aspect of the countryside is wholly changed. I have seen the summer haze cloud the far hills, and summer lightnings flash over them, and veils of rain sweep out of the southwest. Autumn has turned the woods into masses of reds and yellows and then stripped the branches bare until the evergreens, hidden all summer under more luxuriant foliage, stand out darkly in the naked forest. And finally winter has come once more, clothing the hills with purple and white. Of all the seasons winter is kindest to the exile. Then the world is at rest, gathering strength that will burst into bud and blossom in April, and we who are inactive seem less out of tune with life. Behind snowy barriers, the too alluring world becomes as distant as a dream, beyond desire or regret. The fevers of the blood are stilled. The peace of isolation descends upon us.

Those moods of nature which we call the weather are as out of place in the city as the half-starved trees in Central Park. They are primitive, and civilization debases them. Rain, sleet, and snow bring more discomfort than beauty in the city; but here in the mountains all of nature's manifestations are gracious and harmonious.

Since I have been here, however, I have discovered that I am by instinct as well as necessity a city man. The country is delightful for a time, but not even the beauty of the hills can wholly compensate for the lack of that human activity which makes city scenes so fascinating. I remember the surge of the crowds up Fifth Avenue at dusk, and I know that my soul is unalterably urban.

Because the days are monotonous they pass slowly, but their very monotony makes them blend into each other so that in retrospect the weeks and months seem to have passed quickly. Slowly also the body gains in its fight against the disease. I acquire a not wholly spurious appearance of health; and as my second year begins I am given exercise and I rediscover the pleasures of walking. The faces in the dining-room change, all but a nucleus of old inhabitants to which I now belong. When one who has been here a long time leaves, a clamor of knives and forks follows his last exit from the dining-room. We are all happy when some one "goes down,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for in this departure we see the happy foreshadowing of our own. A thousand times in imagination I have made that journey to the city of my heart. I can see the familiar towers of Manhattan grow against the sky as the ferry carries me across the Hudson; and it seems to me that there can be no joy greater than this return.

The life which I will find there will not be the one which I left. Hereafter I will have to content myself with quiet pleasures. But the personality is a living thing, capable of infinite adaptations. I believe I will find compensations for what I have lost; that within narrower limits I will live more intensely than ever; that because of these months of denial, the sweet ordinary things of life will never again be commonplace.

The Girl Who Won the War

BY EDWARD SHENTON

When Emily Thatcher heard that Stanley Pierson was to be at the Fleetwoods' dinner she became noticeably pale, and said in an uneven voice:

"You mean Lieutenant Pierson?"

"I suppose so," her brother Herbert answered carelessly. "He was in the army. He might have been a lieutenant. Come to think of it, I believe he was. I've never met him."

"He's a very interesting young man, I hear," Emily's mother said. "Marian Fleetwood met him last winter at Southern Pines. His father is Dwight Pierson and his mother was a Sibley; the Virginia Sibleys." . . . Her mild complaining voice continued the recital of the Pierson genealogical and social history, giving them the respectful attention such matters call forth among Philadelphia matrons of unimpeachable family connections. . . . "He was a guest of the Ingrams. Very much attached to Lilian, although I *can't* understand what men see in her."

"She's not a bad sort, really," Herbert said.

"I suppose not; but she's so *strange*. All that nonsense about wanting to paint pictures. It must be annoying to her family. Why should she *insist* on *painting?*"

"Oh, girls; to-day, you know," Herbert said vaguely. He took an *Evening Public Ledger* from the carefully arranged rack of newspapers and recent magazines and opened it to the financial pages.

"But painting," continued the indignant and incredulous voice of Mrs. Thatcher. "There are so many things she might do. The Junior League——"

Emily rose abruptly and awkwardly. All her movements were awkward and abrupt.

"I have some letters to write," she said in her harsh, unpleasant voice. "If you don't mind——"

"Of course, dear."

She walked across the long room cluttered with expensive furniture and old-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashioned *objets d'art,* and as she passed the table reached for a book and knocked it onto the floor. Embarrassed by the trivial incident, she took several hurried steps, and then turning, came back and picked up the book, muttering, "I'm sorry," and went out into the wide hall and up the long stairway to the second floor.

Herbert stared after her over the rim of his newspaper, and said irritably:

"Now what's wrong with Emily?"

"I didn't notice anything wrong," said Mrs. Thatcher. "What *could* be wrong?"

"When I mentioned that fellow Pierson's name she looked as though she'd seen a ghost."

"A ghost? How could she have seen a ghost?"

"I didn't say she had. I said she looked as if she had."

"You imagined it, Herbert."

"I don't think so. Remember what she said: 'You mean *Lieutenant* Pierson?'"

"It's that silly war," said Mrs. Thatcher in a voice of amiable despair. "I wish we'd never let her go. There were plenty of *trained* nurses. I never *will* understand why they took her. And now see what has happened. Seven years, or eight. . . . How long has it been since the war, Herbert?"

"Eleven years!"

"Has it really? It doesn't seem possible. Eleven years. It seems centuries ago, actually. I should think Emily would have forgotten long ago. Any sensible girl would. It's ridiculous."

"Any, but Emily," Herbert said.

"Indeed they would," said Mrs. Thatcher. "Instead she thinks of nothing else. She really broods on it. I've spoken to her over and over. She doesn't care about going anywhere, or seeing any one, or doing anything. You would think, after all that experience, she'd be interested in hospital work. But when I said I'd have her made chairman of the Benefit Committee for the Children's Hospital, she looked horrified. Her room is filled with war books. I did think, too, for a time, that she was *writing,* herself, about it. I've often decided to speak to Doctor James. There seems to be something almost abnormal, to me, in a girl thinking of one thing that long. And Emily isn't a girl any longer. She must be, yes, she is, thirty-eight, Herbert."

"Is she really?"

"Yes, she is. And every one knows how she is about it. She used to talk so much. Of course, it *was* interesting then and people *did* want to hear. But you can't expect them to go on being interested for *years,* after it's all over."

"The girl who won the war," muttered Herbert.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing; I was just thinking."

The phrase, as always, made him uncomfortable. It reflected upon him, and upon his father and mother and their position. It assailed the respectability of the Thatcher name and fortune, those substantial and unchanging things that reached back two centuries to the solid foundation laid by another Herbert Thatcher. It sent a dull flood of color up into his ruddy, healthy face; a genial face constructed with dignified, fleshy contours and colored by forty years of pleasant living, undisturbed by emotion or introspection. He had heard the phrase, two or three years before, at a reception. Several younger men were standing near by. They had not noticed him. Emily passed with her mother; appearing more than usually awkward in her evening gown, looking more de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressingly homely. "There goes the girl that won the war," some one of the group said. There was a ripple of laughter. Herbert could feel the hot blood burning in his face. He was furious with Emily for allowing him and the Thatcher name to be exposed to such ridicule.

. . .

He folded the paper methodically and put it back on the table. Mr. Thatcher came into the room and said to his wife:

"Mrs. Weaver left word she would meet you at the luncheon to-morrow. She said not to disturb you."

"Thank you, Charles."

"Going out, Herbert?" he asked. He was taller than his son and equally sturdy; and he had the same air of satisfactory living.

"I'm playing bridge at the club."

"With Aiken?"

"No, Brice and Jim Potter and Archibald."

Mr. Thatcher nodded pleasantly.

Herbert looked at his watch.

"Will you want the car?"

"No, thanks. I feel like a walk. It's only a half-dozen blocks."

II

Her knees trembling, Emily mounted the wide, polished stairway, and her hand sliding along the broad rail, darkened by the passing hands of five generations of Thatchers, seemed devoid of strength, a lifeless, heavy, pale thing dragging from her wrist. She appeared exhausted and paused at the top, panting a little, and leaned upon the round ball of the newel-post, peering down into the dim hall below with its single rose-colored globe on the lower post and the sharp rectangle of brighter light stretched from the open door of the library across the expensive dull rugs and gleaming parquetry floor. For a moment she hesitated, to quiet her shaking body, and then went hurriedly along the hall and ascended a second flight of stairs to her room at the rear of the house. Entering, she shut and locked the door with a motion of panic and secretiveness, switched on the electric light and slowly relaxed.

Stanley Pierson! Lieutenant Stanley Pierson!

They must be one. It was difficult to believe there would be two men bearing the same name. In spite of Herbert's vague knowledge, she felt quite certain.

Crossing the room, she sat before the dressing-table and stared into its long mirror. With a protest of anguish, she examined the face gazing out at her, a sallow face with flat cheeks, a low forehead marked with three horizontal wrinkles, rather prominent pale blue eyes, a long nose and a thin-lipped mouth, habitually compressed. Slowly her sullen glance took in each detail with a furious disregard of the despair gathered in her heart. Her hands tightened convulsively as she abased her spirit before the perpetual tragedy of her appearance.

From the dreary, unforgotten past, phrases returned, wounding with scarcely diminished pain. "The homely Thatcher child"; "That cow, Emily Thatcher"—school-day remarks lingering in her memory. Slights, glances, smiles, intentional or not, all came back to torture. Adolescence had been a long period of misery. Her ugliness was without compensation. She had no lightness of spirit; no ease of mind or tongue; she learned slowly, laboriously, patiently plodding. Flippancy threw her into confusion. She never laughed and rarely smiled. After one or two attempts to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make friends with girls, only to have her timid confidences betrayed to general ridicule, she sank into herself and refused all intimacies.

Then the discovery that her parents were disappointed in her completed her despair. "Poor old Emily," she heard her father say. She was just eighteen. The Thatcher women were traditionally, if not beautiful, at least socially attractive; vain, shallow women, usually, but secure in their world and complacently aware of their importance. Emily was sure of nothing, except that she did not fit in the circle to which she had been born. The dismal years mounted slowly.

Then the war released her. She entered a hospital, passed a nursing course and went abroad as an enlisted nurse. . . . The image of her face in the glass dissolved as she relaxed into the comfortable chair, remembering. So accustomed had her mind become to this reverie that the process of recollection was as undeviating and automatic as a story memorized. She breathed slowly, surrendering herself to the memories as an habitual drunkard succumbs to the persuasive delight of the alcohol running warm in his blood. . . . Blue, open sea, a spotless heaven and an irregular oval of barred and mottled transports. On the boat-deck, nurses walking unsteadily to the roll of the steamer, their blue capes, lined with scarlet, unfurling in the gusty wind. Four destroyers teetering on the long crests, nosing sharply into the dark-colored ocean, jerking their bows upward while the white water poured over the high forward decks. . . . The excitement of that past time returned to Emily and a shudder passed along her heavy, quiescent body. The pleasurable familiar throbbing of her blood stimulated the recollections and the scenes arose more rapidly. She closed her eyes to increase the enjoyment, her breath quickened and a subtle alteration took place in her face. It was as though life were returning after a long coma. . . . Odor of ether, of antiseptics, of blood and dirt, sickness, disease and death. The wooden buildings of the advance base hospital lay upon the sodden plain and the endless rain scuffed across the windows. Night and day ambulances delivered their cargoes of shattered bodies. Every bed was filled. The moment a man died behind the inadequate, sheltering screen another was slid into his place. She moved among them with cool, efficient strength. Her exaltation of spirit triumphed over horror, pity, shock, and fatigue. She belonged; she was! Sharing the burdens of these impersonal wrecks of men, her own personality broke the shell of self-pity and reached, in an amazingly short time, its full blossoming. Doctors worked beyond human endurance leaned upon her quiet certainty. The wounded who came under her sure, strong hands remembered her as a haven of peace amid the wild, burning hours of agony. Nurse Thatcher! Every one knew her, respected her. The ceaseless waves of torture parted before her.

"Nurse Thatcher! That boy in 16. Won't live the night. Asking for you." "Yes, major." The boy lay inert, clinging to her capable hand. His brown eyes stared above her head, penetrated the roof where the rain thrummed its monotone, and saw a shabby, small-city street, dusty maple-trees, the false moon of the corner arc, the kids playing Prisoner's Base across the shadows, women rocking on porches, talking to their neighbors. His ears, muted to the sounds of pain about him, heard, beyond the rain, a victrola playing and a girl singing in a young, light voice: "It isn't raining rain,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you know, it's raining vi-o-lets"; heard himself talking to his mother, teasing his kid sister. . . . He glanced in fright up to the calm, homely face of Nurse Thatcher and saw her reassuring smile. "Kinda low to-night," he whispered huskily. "It's that damned rain, nurse. O. K. to-morrow, though." "Yes, indeed," said the quiet voice of Nurse Thatcher. "We'll have you up and around in a day or two." He nodded. Then the pain came again and his glazed eyes sank deep into the gray sockets. Inside him something was happening, going wrong. Terror struck him. The dark weighed upon him. The world was in a flux, moving and whirling and he was whirling with it. The night circled about him screaming like a great dark bird, tearing him apart, dragging him from the earth into its spinning black void. He cried in a voice of despair and the strong arms of the nurse folded about, supporting him. He clung to her and felt the whirling fear depart, quiet coming and an end to the days of torture. . . . "Nurse Thatcher!" "Yes, doctor." "Give me a hand, here."

Endless the flowing stream of agony bearing the unknown fragments of men. Standing in the great flood she helped to drag some to safety, helped others to bear the moment of terror before they were engulfed forever. Upon her hands was the pressure of countless hands; within her eyes rested the glances of innumerable other eyes; her ears retained the murmuring of voices repeating the same words until their sound was like the continuous sea-whispering issuing from a conch shell: "Tell my mother. . . . Tell my wife. . . . Tell my father. . . . Tell her. . . . Tell, tell, oh, tell, tell that we are returning to the bitter dust. . . . Send this, nurse"—a ring, a watch, a crucifix, a photograph, a letter. . . . Send and tell. Send, send the myriad letters . . . tell, tell, the thousand haunting words. . . .

So swiftly swept the stream, so deep and continuous, she had no time to differentiate among its wreckage.

Then she was transferred to a field hospital. She could hear the guns crashing and at night see the hot flashes beyond the rolling wooded hills. The scuff of marching feet filled the darkness. Dim figures covered the earth and, eclipsing the stars, the bombers passed, their harsh roaring spread out to the finite infinity of space.

As though the change from the walled hospital building to this thin canopy of canvas set amid the ruined fields and trees had broken the fixed impersonality of her mind, she began to see, not the unending, nameless procession of wounded, but a succession of individual boys and men each struggling with the agony of his torn body.

Among them was Lieutenant Stanley Pierson.

How clearly she could see him. The bandage wound hastily about his head with tufts of blond hair spraying between the loose wrappings. The top of his left ear had been clipped away by a shell fragment. The linen was crusted with blood and dried blood streaked his jaw and neck. Both legs were swathed in bandages. But he was grinning cheerfully. His incredibly blue eyes. He said: "Put me in a corner, nurse, and forget me. I'm all right. Just need a little sleep." The men were awkward in moving him from the stretcher to the cot and bumped his leg. She saw the sweat pop out on his forehead. "Be careful," she said sharply. "Sorry, lieutenant," one of them said. "It's all right," he answered. "You're tired." "Haven't slept for three nights, lieutenant." "Well, I'm better off

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than you are." He went to sleep at once. They let him sleep. Toward dawn she passed his cot and saw he was awake. He looked pale and his mouth was a grim set line. "Hurting?" she asked. "Just a bit." She changed the bandages and stayed a while giving him sips of water. The next day he was examined and sent on back. She kept remembering his bright blue eyes and the tufts of blond hair protruding from under the bandage. . . .

She could see them, now, after all these years, but there was something else, later. . . . After the Armistice. . . . She was sent to the hospital centre at Vichy. There she met him again. One of the wounds had infected and necessitated draining. He sat in a wheel-chair with his leg propped up on a wooden brace. He looked well and his fair skin was tanned from sitting in the sun. A book in a red binding lay inverted in his lap and he was staring at the blue autumnal sky. It was warm and the sun was shining. The horse-chestnut trees wore plumes of russet and gold, but the grass was still green. All the houses looked clean again, and men in blue overalls and large aprons washed the cobbles with hoses and brooms. She went up to him and spoke. He remembered her at once, and she sat on a bench beside his chair and they talked until it was time for her to go on duty. She met him the next afternoon and wheeled him about the town. They looked in shop windows and listened to the band playing in the great square. She brought him tarts, those made from strawberries and shaped like little boats, and ice cream that was only frozen water with flavoring. The town was full of wounded Americans; most of the hotels had been taken over for hospitals. After that she came every day to take him out. There was a kind of holy calm in the autumn weather. The cold hadn't come that far south. The sun shone almost all the time. They sat in the square and talked, mostly of the war, but she told him about herself without realizing it and when she did he looked uncomfortable and stared at his bandaged leg. . . .

"But he understood," whispered Emily passionately. "He did. We felt the same way. It wasn't that I fell in love with him. We felt exactly the same way when we talked about what the war had done to us. When I told him what it had done to me he understood. He did. He will. Even not having seen him, or heard. . . ."

She leaped to her feet, her face pale and frightened.

"I don't want to see him," she cried harshly. "I don't want to see him again."

She knew, even before the sound of her voice had gone, that she would go to the dinner and see him.

III

The Thatchers arrived late at the Fleetwoods' and dinner was announced almost immediately. There were, perhaps, twenty people present, but Emily saw him at once, standing on the far side of the room, his blond head bent toward Lilian Ingram and the ragged outline of his left ear distinct and startling. Some one spoke to her and she smiled stupidly. A strange, middle-aged, dumpy man took her in to dinner. She was taller than he was, and she knew he was irritated by having to sit beside her. Ordinarily this knowledge would have been intolerable, but to-night it did not seem to matter; there was no room for such petty misery amid the confu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion that set her to trembling. When she entered the dining-room she saw Pierson placing Lilian in a chair and realized suddenly that she would be sitting next to him. For a moment she hesitated, and then sank into her place, clutching her shaking hands under the sheltering edge of the table-cloth. As Pierson, laughing at some remark, sat down, she glanced furtively at him, and was startled to see how young he looked. His face was round, quite ingenuous, the skin tanned and healthy, and his eyes were even a brighter blue than she remembered. He appeared scarcely more than twenty-five and she knew he must be past thirty. His youthfulness dismayed her, and she wished desperately that she had not come. She thought he might not recognize her, but the hope vanished almost as it arose. At that moment he turned; she saw him blink in uncertainty and then he smiled.

"Why," he said, "Nurse Thatcher!"

The long disused name struck her like an actual blow, drove through her in a surge of happiness. The compassionate warm joy set her cheeks burning and filled her throat beyond hope of speech. The spoon fell clattering from her fingers. She stammered huskily:

"How do you do . . . lieutenant. . . . It's nice . . . to hear that again."

"Quite like old times," said Pierson, astounded at the effect of his words upon her.

"I didn't know you were friends," said Lilian, turning her dark face, unsmilingly, toward Emily.

"Miss Thatcher helped patch me up," Pierson said, "after I'd collected all the machine-gun bullets in reach."

"Oh," said Lilian, "in the war."

Her polite disinterest established the war as a mythical happening of which she had heard stray tales; something belonging to another epoch and of negligible concern. There had been a generation that envied those who had participated, but to Lilian's generation the recent war was as remote as the Civil War and equally unimportant.

"Oh, yes," said Pierson, cheerfully. "Miss Thatcher pushed me all over Vichy in a wheel-chair."

"How thrilling," said Lilian. "Exactly like Atlantic City."

An expression of distress ruffled Pierson's smooth face, but Emily had not heard the remark. The past was returning, stirring her mind. She was caught up in those swirling emotions on which she had lived for so many years; freed from the stupid present where she had no part, and re-established in a time to which she was necessary. She felt alert, happy; an eagerness to talk grew within her, and she became animated, alive, articulate.

"Remember," she said, unaware of her voice pitched high and rasping. "Remember the night they brought you in, lieutenant?"

Several heads across the table lifted, and Herbert, seated beyond Lilian, turned sharply, his face reddening a little. Pierson bent politely toward her, but his eyes were fixed upon the table.

"Yes," he murmured. "Yes, indeed, I do."

"You said: 'Put me in a corner, somewhere, nurse, and forget about me. All I need is a little sleep.'"

"Did I?" he said. "Really? I must have been light-headed."

"No," said Emily firmly. "You thought there were others, more badly wounded, who should have attention."

"How exciting," said Lilian. She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twirled her wine-glass impatiently. Pierson smiled uncomfortably and picked at the filet of sole on his plate.

Emily was no longer conscious of the people about her. Mesmerized by her recollections, she saw only Pierson's blond head bent in apparent attention, as she recalled it had been during the many hours in Vichy when they had talked of the war.

"There had been bombing on all the roads about us just before," she said, her rapt glance sweeping back over the lost years. "Every one was nervous and wrought up. I remember there was a three-quarter moon. The sky was so clear. You know how clear those skies were?"

"Yes," said Pierson. "Very clear skies, weren't they."

"Those nights the bombers always came over," continued Emily. "The wounded were frightened and nervous. It was always that way. I went out after the second bomb thinking I could see the planes. The roads were full of men going up. The men coming out were following the edge of the woods. In the shadow. Even in the dark you could see how tired they were."

She looked directly at Pierson and he murmured:

"Tired, but happy, you can be sure."

"Yes," said Emily, "but I couldn't think of them. It was the others. Thousands upon thousands. Going in willingly. Entering the flaming path. Passing to death, perhaps, or worse than death. For an ideal. I could feel it, standing there, hearing the sound of their feet. And I felt that I was helping them. I could help them. I was one with them, sharing, suffering, living . . ."

She paused, breathing heavily. Her large hands lifted in a gesture of confidence.

"How long has it been since the war?" Lilian asked politely.

"Why, eleven years," said Pierson.

"Really? I had no idea it had been so long. No wonder people have forgotten it."

"The ambulances came," said Emily. . . . She stopped abruptly.

The phrase "people have forgotten it" penetrated her mind and suddenly the memory was dissipated, leaving her confused and panic-stricken. She gazed about, bewildered, saw Pierson staring awkwardly at his knuckles, caught a glimpse of Herbert's face, flushed, drawn into a frown as he looked rigidly into space, saw other faces, amused or bored. The recollection of her own voice returned and she realized how loudly she had spoken. Beyond Pierson's shining hair she saw Lilian, smiling and leaning forward, her beauty dark and sparkling, her long, slender, ringless hands clasped loosely upon the edge of the table. She was overwhelmed.

"Stanley and I were to see 'Street Scene' last night," Lilian said graciously. "Have you seen it? We were quite amused."

Emily shook her head. She could not speak; she dared not lift her eyes.

"An excellent play," Pierson said.

"Splendid acting," murmured Lilian. "A real bit of American *genre*."

A servant removed the filet Emily had not touched and put in its place a delicately broiled squab. Voices resumed their several conversations.

Forgotten! The word rang over and over in Emily's mind. Of course; every one; he had, too. The war was receding on distant, invisible waves, falling back into the dim spaces of history.

"You know, Miss Thatcher," said her partner, "that's one of the splendid characteristics of America. We go *on!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now take Europe. Over there, they're still fighting the war. But here? We've put it behind us. Progress! Forward!"

Emily nodded. . . . The dinner dragged interminably.

She sat stiffly erect, unable to speak. The low voices of Pierson and Lilian came from a remote distance. She was alone again, shut in upon the circling agony of her thoughts. Pierson's infatuation was obvious, as was Lilian's calm triumph. The diners were rising, and she arose mechanically and went into the drawing-room. She saw her mother and went up to her, saying: "I think . . . I don't feel very well. Will you explain to Mrs. Fleetwood?"

"Of course, dear," said Mrs. Thatcher. "I'm sorry. The car is outside." Herbert looked at her coldly and did not speak. She had a glimpse of her father talking to several men. Just as she was leaving, Pierson saw her, excused himself, and hurried over.

"Going, so soon?"

"I . . . I have an engagement."

He took her limp hand, and smiled.

"You know," he said, "it was nice to see you again. It's pleasant to realize we have something in common; I mean, to share something."

Emily knew he was attempting amends for his lack of interest at dinner. He was embarrassed and sorry, but she could not answer him. Gradually his smile became a little blank, faded from his eyes and remained fixed about his mouth.

"People who weren't there," he said with a vague wave of his hand. "They don't ever quite understand, d'you see what I mean? They think it's sort of silly to talk about it; dates you. I mean, you have to keep up with the times. But when you *do* meet some one who's been through it . . ."

"Yes," interrupted Emily, "that's it exactly. Been *through* it."

"Certainly," said Pierson, puzzled.

"Good night," Emily said abruptly.

When she reached home she went heavily up to her room and dropped exhausted into a chair. Closing her eyes, she awaited the departure of the sick, whirling despair. What did it matter, really? He wasn't important. He could take nothing away from her. What had happened was for her alone; forever hers, to be summoned at will, until there was no will remaining. She breathed deeply. The memory of the dinner was falling away from her, becoming unreal before those other realities. In her mind two severed parts were drawing together. A moment more and they would meet. She would be whole again. A sigh of happiness escaped between her tight lips. "The ambulance came," she thought, "and they began carrying in the stretchers. We were full up. Cots had to be moved. In the night outside the bombers were returning. One of the shell-shocked men began screaming. Two orderlies brought in a stretcher. There was an empty cot near me. I said, 'Bring him this way.' Tufts of blond hair sprayed between the loose windings of the bandage. His eyes were incredibly blue. Both his legs were wounded. He said . . ."

Emily gave a cry of anguish, clasped her hands about her face, and fell forward, sobbing, her face crushed upon her arms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Course of Empire in Education

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD
Professor of English at Princeton University

The end of the intellectual leadership of the East recorded by a professor in an Eastern university.

Both in East and West—and North and South as well—keen public interest in education is a phenomenon of our times that any one can see. It is quite as evident in the criticism to which our schools and colleges are being subjected as it is in the plans and experiments that are being attempted for their improvement. The prophets of evil cry aloud and spare not, while the men and women who direct our institutions of learning are wide awake and thinking hard about their business. Their business is being conducted, moreover, on such a scale that no one—not even the most cock-sure commissioner or the most omniscient university president—can be quite certain in his own heart what it is all coming to.

Yet there are signs in the heavens plain to read, if one scans them attentively, which give promise of a day to come when the gigantic effort to instruct our conglomerate population will be more successful than it is at present: when there will be less buncombe in our schools and colleges, when a school expenditure of six dollars a year per pupil will no longer be regarded as decent anywhere (it still is in various plague-spots), and when diplomas will not be awarded for mere negligent attendance. Things sadly need mending, no doubt, but there are omens of change.

One of these signs of promise, I believe, is a shift of emphasis in intellectual leadership that has been taking place during the last generation, and is still going on. Almost unnoticed, except in fits of boasting or of bad temper, the old educational hegemony of the Atlantic seaboard has been passing, until there is now no reason for condescension east of the Alleghanies or for uneasy jealousy west of them. The country is more nearly one in this respect, as in some others, than it used to be, while the differences that still exist for the most part make the observer hopeful of the future. The West is beginning to point the way we should go.

Chief among these differences, it seems to me, is the tendency of Western communities to take education somewhat more seriously than Eastern ones do—and this in spite of the nation-wide interest already mentioned. Education is being discussed everywhere, but it seems to be regarded in the West as of more practical importance than it is in the East. At least, as we shall see, people treat it so. In many sections of the West, indeed, any kind of higher education is still reckoned a privilege—a state of things that has not prevailed in the East for at least a generation.

I understand, to be sure, that the day is past when boys and girls at Western State universities were all so earnest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that their teachers had merely to feed them the milk of the word, leaving everything else to their avid appetite for learning. Nowadays they have as many social and athletic engagements as their brothers and sisters in the East, and too often regard the exactions of the curriculum as interfering with the real business of student life. There are sixty-six fraternities, for instance, established at the University of California—not to mention sororities—which gives evidence of considerable social activity. It seems to be quite generally true, nevertheless, that the young have a great respect for education, and ardently desire it for themselves, however frivolous some of them may appear. What is more, their elders evidently think of education as an integral factor of life—not as something that may be forgotten when childish things are put away.

Let me give you one possibly trivial index to the difference. Eastern papers, when they print news about schools and colleges at all, usually relegate it to special sections or pages, as if it were of interest to a special class of readers only. Unless something quite sensational or scandalous is reported it does not become general news. Western papers, on the contrary, appear to regard normal educational activities as likely to appeal to their readers, and arrange their make-up accordingly. I am not speaking of athletics, which have the same inordinate amount of space devoted to them everywhere, but of other matters—every-day events, but not without importance. Unquestionably education in the West, though it may have grave faults, has the public behind it.

Nor are people interested in a merely sentimental or selfish way. One has to remember that, while most of the great universities on the Atlantic seaboard are privately endowed, the important institutions west of the Alleghanies are, with a few notable exceptions, supported out of public funds. The people own them, as they own the schools, and they take pride in them. It is not simply that they like to think that their public schools and universities are magnificent—which they are, considering the swiftness of their development. It is not that everybody has a boy or girl to enjoy the advantages of institutions supported by the taxes, for childless families are as common in one region as another. The fact is that the Middle Western States, and those farther west, have been consistently more generous in their public support of education than the States of the Atlantic coast. They have cared enough about it, at least, to pay for it out of their own pockets instead of waiting for the appearance of multi-millionaires to foot the bill.

California, for example, at a time when New York and Pennsylvania felt too poor to replace with something better, except in showy spots, the make-shift and slatternly school-buildings that disgraced them, went ahead with a programme of construction that is still unrivalled in the East, except perhaps in North Carolina. It is a revelation to a citizen of Massachusetts or New Jersey—supposing him to have eyes in his head—when he first observes the country schools of the Pacific coast. No matter where he goes, even into the remotest villages, he finds school-buildings that are solid, clean, and often remarkably beautiful. They are unmistakable evidence of a practical interest in education, even though the work done in them may be far from perfect.

It is a fact, again, that California is the one State in the Union that supports two universities. Although a few other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States—Ohio, for example—provide funds for a college or two, as well as a university, they cannot be said to do what California is doing. To be sure, the University of California at Los Angeles is officially one with the University at Berkeley; but, since it has an entirely distinct faculty and is being housed in buildings designed on a grand scale, the administrative identity can blind no one to the actualities of the case. You may say that California is a very large State, with a somewhat active sense of rivalry between the northern and southern sections. But various Eastern States are richer and more populous than California, and could better afford two universities if they chose to support them. California, to put the matter plainly, is ready to back her belief in education to the extent of maintaining two institutions of higher learning, both of which are certain ere long to rival in dignity and influence anything in the East or in Europe. It is not as if the State, moreover, were without private foundations of importance. Stanford was a portent when it began; it is now a great fact. The Huntington Library is at once a fact and a portent. Endowments by individuals there will doubtless be, increasingly; but the taxpayers of California will have a stake in the institutions that form the capstone to their system of schools. Nor is it anywhere intimated that the State may be bankrupted by this munificence. We all know that what is spent for education throughout the country is less than is spent for several other commodities of which we stand in less need.

When I say that the people of California have a direct stake in their universities, as do the people of other States in the institutions they support, I am not meaning to insinuate that the result is political interference of an offensive nature. I hasten to make this clear. It is true that the presidents of State universities have to deal with legislatures. They have to be men who can put their needs cogently, just as superintendents of schools must persuade, or sometimes cajole, city councils. There is no harm in this, however, for the legislators have a duty in the matter—the duty of appropriating nothing without knowing the reason why. The path of the State university president is somewhat plainer, too, than that of the executive who has to get money for maintenance and enlargement from alumni and a more or less indifferent general public. To be sure, it is notorious that there have been political difficulties in some States in the past. Legislatures and governors have behaved foolishly, and obstructed the progress of education for the time being; but they have seldom repeated the offense, for they have heard from voters who have the sense to realize that educational affairs must be directed by experts and not by politicians. The Mormons, it is safe to say, will never again try to make the University of Utah a church institution, nor will any governor of Washington venture to remove a university president who is personally obnoxious to him. The State universities nowadays probably have as much independence as is good for them; and they are certainly as free from interference as are the endowed institutions, with their dependence upon bodies of enthusiastic but usually ill-informed alumni.

In arguing that what the West—both the Mississippi basin and the Pacific slope—is doing for education is a sign of promise, as well as an indication of a shift in intellectual leadership, I do not forget certain faults that are per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps more marked than in the East. It is true, as everybody in the business knows, that standards of individual accomplishment in schools and in the lower years of college have remained somewhat more elastic, to put it mildly, west of the Mississippi than east of it. This is not a hard saying, when one considers how lax we are, throughout the country, compared with Europeans. That is, the American boy, unless he wishes to do so, does not have to work so faithfully as his cousin across the seas, in order to get through school and college; and the Western boy has, I take it, to work somewhat less faithfully than the Eastern. This could not very well help being the case, considering the difficulty of weeding out the lazy and unfit from such vast organizations, of such swift growth, as are the State-supported educational systems. The standards will come ere long, but they are not yet what they should be.

This is probably one reason—and the other is the very enthusiasm for education that I have been stressing—why the experiment of junior colleges has met so much greater favor in the West than in the East. Taken with the notion that younger students need individual guidance, which is hard to come by in the great universities, communities have set up junior colleges without at all counting the cost or asking themselves whether they have the means to pay for proper equipment and salaries. Often they do not begin to realize what is needed. I know of one such institution on the Pacific coast that had, this last year, two professors and nine students, and the professors were by no means prepared for their great task. What happens to the students in such cases it is easy to see.

But there is virtue even in such rash experiments, for the situation with reference to junior colleges will right itself. Some of them will perish, and some will become institutions of adequate resources and standards, not content with mere continuation of high-school work. The point I am making is that the West has begun to assume leadership by right of its accomplishment as well as of its legitimate hopes for the future: that it is not afraid to try things out. No longer can the East afford to be ignorant of what the remotest sections of the country are attempting and accomplishing. It is significant that, among the many varying plans that colleges have recently put into effect to induce their undergraduates to work independently and responsibly, by all odds the boldest is fostered by a State-supported university in the Middle West; significant, too, that, long before general, or comprehensive, examinations were attempted in the East, a State-supported university on the Pacific coast had one in successful operation. We are not now concerned with the nature of particular educational experiments, or with the wisdom that inspires them, but only with the fact that new ideas and new applications of them sprout in the West quite as readily as in the East. If I am right in believing, as I do, that the people of the West have a more genuine interest in education, some of us may live to see a day when as many boys and girls will turn west to school and college and university as now turn east.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abigail Adams: A Joy Forever

BY J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

The wife of the second President was one of the most remarkable women of the early days of this country. Doctor Hamilton has re-created the sparkling, intelligent character whose devotion to her husband was the stronger because of its gaiety. Abigail Adams is an everlasting contradiction to the popular conception of Puritanism.

Of all the women who have been the "First Lady of the Land," the most interesting in her life and the most stimulating in her personality was the first mistress of the White House. Martha Washington was more regally impressive; Dolly Madison had better looks and more social graces of the generally accepted type; others, perhaps, have been more blessed in certain particulars; but none can rival, in her combination of striking qualities, Abigail Adams.

Abigail, or "Nabby," as she was misnamed by her family, first appears in history as a personality in 1761, when, in a letter to Polly Smith, her older sister, John Adams sent her a message. She was the second daughter of the Reverend William Smith, a Congregational minister of Weymouth, Mass. Her mother was Elizabeth Quincy of Braintree, and Abigail was thus one of that earlier Brahmin caste of New England which owed its elevation to intellectual vigor, learning, and clerical leadership rather than to success in the twin trades of New England rum and African slaves, which were the main foundation of the later caste.

Born in 1744, Abigail was the second of three daughters, all of whom grew into unusual women. She was a delicate, brilliant-looking girl, possessed from early youth of much spirit and a vivacity that even the austerity of a Puritan parsonage never subdued. It is, however, fair to say that her father seems to have been equipped with something practically unknown among the Puritan clergy—a sense of humor. She grew up with few associates of her own age and was modelled—so far as she was shaped at all by environment—by older people and by books. She had no formal education. "I was never sent to school," she wrote, "and female education, in the best families, went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances, music and dancing." But she grew up in an atmosphere of learning. Not only in her own home but at the Quincy home at "Merry Mount" there were books, conversation, and culture. She read Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, Butler, Locke, Tillotson, Berkeley, Young, Thomson, and Collins, and their influence is to be seen in her letters, which constitute the chief source, and a very attractive one, of our knowledge of her. The miracle is that she retained that vivacity and "cheerful spirit" which characterized her. Perhaps it was due to the classics which she read enthusiastically, in translation, of course.

There is no record or tradition that she had earlier love-affairs than the one which began in 1761 and lasted the rest of her life. A letter to her friend Mrs. Lincoln in that year repudiates the idea. "You bid me tell one of my sparks (I think that was the word) to bring me to see you. Why! I believe you think they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are plenty as herring when, alas! there is as great a scarcity of them as there is of justice, honesty, prudence, and many other virtues."

John Adams had no such record, for as early as 1756 he was "gallanting the girls," his "thoughts moving from girls to friends." "I was of an amorous disposition," he writes, "and very early from ten or eleven years of age was very fond of the society of females. I had my favorites among the young women and spent many of my evenings in their company; and this disposition, although controlled for seven years after my entrance into college, returned and engaged me too much till I was married." But he was no rake. Of his various flames he adds: "They were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of me, or regret her acquaintance with me. No father, brother, son, or friend ever had cause of grief or resentment for any relation of the female sex." "These reflections," he adds, "are consolatory beyond expression."

But all this was merely youthful dalliance; undoubtedly, some time between 1761 and 1764 he confided to Abigail that he really had "never loved any woman before," and, in view of his devotion to her for the fifty-four years which followed, was probably more truthful than he knew. Wednesday and Saturday evenings he came to the parsonage, and presently Abigail smiled. Once won she was much in love. "I think I write to you every day," she wrote in April, 1764. "Shall not I make my letters very cheap? Don't you light your pipe with them? I care not if you do. 'Tis a pleasure to me to write." "What does it signify?" she wrote four days later to him, confined as a result of inoculation with smallpox. "Why may I not visit you days as well as nights? I no sooner close my eyes, than some invisible being . . . bears me to you,—I see you, but cannot make myself visible to you. That tortures me, but it is still worse when I do not come, for I am haunted by half a dozen ugly sprites. . . . What say you? Can you give me any encouragement to come?"

Anxiously she waited for his letters. "I hope you smoke your letters well before you deliver them. Mamma is so fearful lest I should catch the distemper, that she hardly ever thinks the letters are sufficiently purified. Did you ever rob a bird's nest? Do you remember how the poor bird would fly round and round, fearful to come nigh, yet not know how to leave the place? Just so they say I hover round Tom whilst he is smoking my letters."

John's courtship had a certain element of daring about it. He was the son of a small farmer; Abigail the daughter of a clergyman and of distinguished ancestry on her mother's side. That counted in colonial New England. He, in addition, was a lawyer, then an occupation regarded, if not in the same way as in early Virginia, where members of the bar were banned by law as "unskilfull and covetous" and expelled from office, at least as following a "low trade," scarcely befitting an honest man. Family opposition, however, was soon overcome, but then as now the congregation felt themselves entitled to a voice in the affairs of the minister's family, and they objected. It was "not fitting."

Parson Smith watched the pot boil with a twinkle in his eye. He sized up his prospective son-in-law as a youth of promise. Anyhow Abigail wanted him. The minister was a queer genius and he proceeded to tell the congregation how he regarded their interference. When his daughter Mary married Richard Cranch he had astonished his listeners by preach-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing a sermon on the text, "For Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her," and now he somewhat scandalized them by choosing a text, somewhat inaccurate in view of the bridegroom's well-known liking for good living: "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and yet ye say he hath a devil."

The marriage took place on October 25, 1764, and John took his bride to the little cottage at the foot of Penn's Hill, in the north precinct of Braintree which later became Quincy, which he had inherited, with the forty acres adjoining, from his father. There she made him the home of which she could write him truly, years later: "This little cottage has more comfort for you than the courts of royalty."

All her life her health was intermittently bad, and she suffered acutely from nervous headaches. Always, when illness came, she was positive that she was going to die, which always irritated John. Early she proclaimed herself "not built for duration," but she lived four years beyond her golden wedding and her allotted span of life. Always she was intense; a furious housewife, "out of conceit with calms." "Life stagnates without action," she said, "I could never bear merely to vegetate." A Calvinist by inheritance and training, she attained a breadth of religious view unknown to Calvinism of her time and place. Religion was never gloomy to her; "I am one of those who are willing to rejoice always. My disposition and habits are not of the gloomy kind. I believe that to enjoy is to obey." "I am a mortal enemy to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart, which Solomon tells us does good like medicine." In true exemplification of the name Abigail, she was, and remains to-day, a source of joy.

Sometimes we are so impressed with her intellect, her self-reliance, her sound judgment, her keen criticism of men and events, and her general effectiveness, that we overlook the woman, tender, affectionate, wildly in love with her husband, devoted to children, a lover of home, keenly interested in clothes, fabrics, and fashions, of mercurial temper and intense partisanship for her own. Her husband overlooked none of these qualities. Sometimes he was puzzled—what man would not have been?—but always he was delighted with her infinite variety, and in no company was he quite as happy. This was entirely natural, for she knew him perfectly—far better than he knew her—saw all his weaknesses and defects, but recognized and admired his strength, his honesty, and his essential quality, and she never wavered in her support of him in every crisis, smoothing his often ruffled spirit, restraining his sharp tongue, and putting into practice her theory that "no man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife." He paid her many tributes, but one of the shortest stands out as perhaps the greatest: "I had a wife—and what a wife!"

To them were born in quick succession five children, four of whom reached maturity: Abigail, John Quincy, Thomas, Charles, and a daughter who died in infancy, a family worthy of the parents. Abigail, a charming little girl, developed into a woman of great beauty and much force of character. John Quincy's career needs, of course, no mention here. Thomas, "something of a rogue" in boyhood, carried his love of fun and cheerful spirit, inherited from his mother, into useful manhood. Charles, "the sweet little fellow," "the most of a gentleman of them all," had a most winning personality. As events proved, Abigail was destined to have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than a mother's just share in the direction of the family, for soon she had some reason to bewail her state as closely allied to widowhood, "the most Forlorn and Dismal of all States." John disappeared into public life in 1774, and the children were almost grown before he established close relations with them. He wrote home to Abigail constant directions as to what she must teach them. "The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue. Habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. . . . Every decency, grace, and honesty should be inculcated upon them." "For God's sake, make your children hardy, active, and industrious, for strength, activity, and industry will be their only resource and dependence."

It has always been easy to direct other people in the raising of children; doing the raising is quite another matter. But Abigail needed no directions from the absent John. Her ideals were just as high and her practical capacity to instil them into her children much greater. She thought every wife should know how to order and regulate her family, how to govern her servants, and how to train her children, and she lived up to that with remarkable success. She was a tender and devoted mother who established the closest personal friendship with her children, but there was nothing *soft* about her régime. They were always under firm discipline, and, growing up in the very midst of war's alarms, they were without fear. She sought to make them "chill with horror at the sound of an oath, and blush with indignation at an obscene expression," and she probably succeeded as well—or as ill—as most mothers with similar hopes. "Dear as you are to me," she wrote John Quincy, "I would much rather you should have found a grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child."

John Quincy went to Europe with his father in 1778 and the other two boys were taught by a tutor at home. John, a few years later, under the spell of Jefferson's advice, considered sending John Quincy to William and Mary, and in after years often wondered what the results would have been. But Abigail, "Yankey enough to prefer a New England education to any other," was bent on his going to Harvard, and there, of course, he went.

In 1768 the family moved to Boston, living first at the White House (prophetic omen!) in Brattle Square and later in Cole Lane. John's health suffered away from his beloved farm, and in 1771 they moved back home. The next year back they went to Boston and purchased a home on Queen Street, where they remained until the Revolution drove them back to Braintree for good.

Contentment, happiness, and prosperity were theirs when the struggle with the mother country broke up the household. John came home from a town meeting and greeted her with these comforting words:

"I have accepted a seat in the House of Representatives, and thereby have consented to my ruin and the ruin of our children. I give you this warning that you may prepare your mind for your fate."

Abigail burst into tears and cried:

"Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you and be ruined with you, if you are ruined."

She again "burst into a flood of tears" when he told her that he was to defend the British officers at the time of the Boston "Massacre," but she once more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreed with him, and she behaved that way at every crisis of the struggle. "If the sword be drawn," she wrote him in 1774, "I bid adieu to domestic felicity," but there was never a time when she was not ready to make the sacrifice for the cause, although, woman-like, she resented it. She was racked with fears for his safety, but she kept her head up. She never seems to have had any fears for herself. "Don't you know me better than to think me a coward?" she reproached her husband for keeping back bad news. Fame she thought "a mere weathercock, unstable as water and fleeting as a shadow." "Yet," she added, "I have pride I know. I have a large portion of it."

She was an active supporter of the revolt, watched with interest the struggle over the tea, "this weed of Slavery," and was enthusiastic over the Tea-party, read with eager approval Paine's "Common Sense," and demanded independence long before the Congress could agree upon it. "I could not join to-day," she wrote in November, 1775, "in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate. . . . Let us renounce them, . . . let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to nought all their devices." Further "fawning" argued to her "a meanness of spirit" which she vehemently disclaimed.

Always she had lamented "the trifling, narrow, contracted education" of women, and hoped to see it improved. In 1776 she wrote John that in the new code of laws she desired he "would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors were," and threatened a feminine revolt. His chuckling reply indicates no appreciation of the real seriousness of this early suffragist. "As to your extraordinary code of laws, I cannot but laugh. We have been told that our struggle has loosened the bonds of government everywhere; that children and apprentices were disobedient; that schools and colleges were grown turbulent; that Indians slighted their guardians; and negroes grew insolent to their masters. But your letter was the first intimation that another tribe more numerous and powerful than all the rest were grown discontented." And then, like man since the flood, he sugared his words. "Masculine systems," he added, "although they are in full force, . . . are little more than theory. . . . We have only the name of masters."

As war began Abigail became increasingly enthusiastic. Woman that she was, she found great attraction in the army. "I do not wonder at the regard the ladies express for a soldier. Every man who wears a cockade appears of double the importance he used to do." Well might John write: "Oh that I were a soldier! I will be. . . . Everybody must, and will, and shall be a soldier." She was swept off her feet by Washington, and applied Dryden's words:

> "Mark his majestic fabric! he's a temple
> Sacred by birth and built by hands divine;
> His soul's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the god."

She watched with her children the ruin of Charlestown and the smoke of Bunker Hill, and during the battle wrote John: "The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep," but nine months later she was hardened to it and when she saw the storming of Dorchester Heights wrote: "The sound I think is one of the grandest in nature."

She had all of a woman's bitterness in war, and believed all evil of the enemy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The History and Events of the present day must fill every Human Breast with Horrour," she wrote her close friend, Mercy Warren, the daughter of James Otis. "Every week produces some Horrid Scene perpetrated by our Barbarous foes. . . . Cruelty, unpiety, and utter oblivion of the Natural Sentiments of probity and Honour with the violation of all laws Humane and Divine, rise at one view and characterise a George, a How, and a Burgoine."

While the war lasted the home at Braintree was a refuge for her relations, a resting-place for soldiers, and a house of simple, hospitable entertainment for numerous friends and acquaintances of her husband who were passing near. It was also a scene of active and unremitting industry. Everybody worked. In addition to all the usual tasks of a New England housewife, she managed the farm effectively and expressed the hope of having "the reputation of being as good a farmeress as my partner has of being a good statesman." After Adams went to Europe she was a merchant as well, for he devised as a scheme for avoiding the payment of exchange the plan of sending her goods to sell, which she did at a profit. She lived frugally, going four months without flour and doing without pepper, sugar, and coffee indefinitely, saying philosophically: "Whortleberries and milk we are not obliged to commerce for." And, carrying out instructions rather closely—and this is one of the finest and most convincing proofs of her devotion to her man and to the cause—she was silent while John wrote her from Philadelphia letter after letter urging "frugality, economy, parsimony. . . . Let us eat potatoes and drink water," and in the same month told her in every letter of feasting upon "ten thousand delicacies,"—"everything which could delight the eye or allure the taste; curds and cream, jellies, sweetmeats of various sorts, twenty sort of tarts, fools, trifles, floating islands, whipped sillabub, &c., &c., Parmesan cheese, punch, wine, porter, beer, &c."—and drinking Madeira, Claret, and Burgundy "at a great rate" and finding "no inconvenience in it."

Illness came again and again to her family and friends, and death to those near and dear to her. With her children she was inoculated with smallpox. But all suffering, privation, and loss failed to break a spirit full of exaltation, and a mind, as Mercy Warren described it, "agitated by a variety of passions of the noblest kind, a sense of honnour, of friendship, of parental and conjugal affection, of domestic felicity, and public happiness."

But one trial overcame her patience. She could bear, however poorly, the separation from John, but she could not bear uncomplainingly his silence on that which was closest to her heart. Every line he wrote was "like a precious relic of the saints," but he wrote too few. "I have received a good deal of paper from you. I wish it had been more covered; the writing is very scant. I would rather give a dollar for a letter by the post, though the consequences should be, that I ate but one meal a day these three weeks to come." And he failed to make love to her. "I want some sentimental effusions of the heart. I am sure you are not destitute of them." "Every expression of tenderness is a cordial to my heart." And at last, after Adams had remonstrated with her on the ground that the letters, if ever intercepted and published, would make them ridiculous, she burst out: "I have not been so parsimonious as my friend perhaps. I am not so prudent; but I cannot take my pen, with my heart overflowing, and not give utterance to some of the abundance which is in it. Could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you, after a thousand fears and anxieties, long expectations and painful suspense, be satisfied with my telling you I was well, that I wished you were with me, that I had ordered some articles for you which I hoped would arrive, &c., &c? By Heaven, if you could, you have changed hearts with some frozen Laplander, or made a voyage to a region that has chilled every drop of your blood."

In 1778 John went to Europe on a diplomatic mission, returning in 1779, only to be sent back almost at once. At first Abigail had no desire to go, but as the months lengthened into years, she grew increasingly restive at the long separation, and finally suggested joining him. He opposed it at first, but at last in November, 1783, gave the word. She did not dare brave a winter passage and delayed until spring. She went with mixed emotions. She was strongly opposed to his acceptance of the mission to England, still disliking her late enemies, and doubtless questioning her husband's fitness for the post under all the circumstances. She thought that she would enjoy France, but she shrank from her part of a diplomatic career and feared at her time of life to engage "in dissipation, parade, and nonsense." "A mere American as I am, unacquainted with the etiquette of courts, taught to say the thing I mean and to wear my heart on my countenance, I am sure I should make an awkward figure." It would be mortifying to her pride to be thought to disgrace him.

In June, 1784, the two Abigails sailed for England. On the way the elder wrote that they had had plenty of occasion to recall John's statement that "no being in nature is so disagreeable as a lady at sea." She was glad he was not there. "The decency and decorum of the most delicate female must in some measure yield to the necessities of nature." What a description of seasickness! "We can only live with our door shut whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law; but what should I have thought on shore to have laid myself down to sleep in common with half a dozen gentlemen? We have curtains, it is true, and we only in part undress, about as much as Yankee bundlers." What *would* Abigail have thought of a Pullman car?

After ten days she recovered. Her next activity was characteristic, bearing a certain resemblance to her husband's on his first trip over, but differing in accord with her sex. He wrote: "I am constantly giving hints to the captain concerning order, economy, and regularity; and he seems to be sensible of the necessity of them." Abigail found that she "might reign mistress on board without any offence," and turned in with her servants and cleaned up that ship so as to make it accord with a New England woman's notion of what was decent.

Landing at Deal in July, they went to London, where they were presently joined by John Quincy, whom his mother did not recognize, and a little later, very unexpectedly, by John himself. They stayed in London long enough to outfit little Abigail and herself, John having instructed her to "spare no expense" in doing it. She watched the styles carefully and reported to some of her eighteen correspondents her surprise at how little attention was paid to dress. Then, with a coach and six for the family and a cabriolet and three for the servants, they set out for France. In France they were much annoyed by the *octroi,* or customary municipal import duty, until John discovered that the officials could be bribed. "It is more agreeable to every one," wrote little Abigail, "than to sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mit to the inconvenience of the law." Many people, like the second President of the United States, still find it so.

Finally, they reached Paris and after a short stay went on out to Auteuil, where John had rented a house. Abigail had thoroughly enjoyed London, but when she reached France she found her ignorance of the language interfered with her pleasure. She caught but a glimpse of Paris as she passed through and did not like what she saw. When told that she had not seen Paris, she retorted: "One thing I know, and that is that I have smelt it." She did not like the house at Auteuil; it was "very large, and very inconvenient," and it was too far from Paris.

In France she met many interesting people. Jefferson she loved at sight and regarded as "one of the choice ones of the earth." She saw Franklin often and met at his home Madame Helvetius, "the ruins of Palmyra," whom she cordially detested, partly because she "threw herself upon a settee where she showed more than her feet," and of whom she wrote: "I hope, however, to find among the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I should be a mere recluse." The famous John Paul Jones does not seem to have impressed her particularly. She went much to the theatre and enjoyed it, though always at the price of a headache, and was wined and dined considerably, and in turn did much entertaining herself. She was horrified at first by the prevalent custom of making pleasure the chief business of life, but after eight months found her taste, under the influence of "the most subtle of poisons," "reconciling itself to habits, customs, and fashions which at first disgusted." For example, "the first dance I saw upon the stage shocked me. . . . I felt my delicacy wounded and I was ashamed to be seen to look at them. . . . Shall I speak the truth and say that repeatedly seeing these dances has worn off that disgust, . . . and that I see them now with pleasure?"

In 1785, John having been appointed minister to Great Britain, they returned to London, where they lived in a house in Grosvenor Square. As has been the case with most American ministers abroad ever since, his salary did not meet the expenses, which ran, for the establishment alone, to twenty-five guineas a week. They entertained a great deal, giving a large formal dinner at least once a week, and, even more than in France, they were entertained. They attended the theatre frequently, and saw Mrs. Siddons, then at the height of her fame, in a number of plays, including "Othello," which Abigail could not enjoy because of the "African color of the Moor." She played cards for money, first at the Swedish minister's rout—expecting to lose, and with her thrifty soul horrified at the stake of a half-guinea a game, which she thought "full high"—and won four games. She even went to view the Duke of Northumberland's corpse, that being the fashionable thing to do.

She met and liked many new people and saw many old acquaintances. Jefferson was in London for a time in 1786 and with them visited the show places. The following year his younger daughter, just eight years old, arriving from Virginia with a colored nurse, paid her a visit, and each lost her heart to the other.

In 1786 Abigail spent five interesting weeks in Holland, and the following year went to Bath and attended three balls, two concerts, one play, and two private parties, in addition to dining and breakfasting out a number of times. She also made a tour of the west of England,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visiting Winchester, Southampton, Weymouth, Axminster, Exeter, Plymouth, Kingsbridge, and Horsham, returning by Bristol, Oxford, and Woodstock. At Southampton she had her first taste of sea-bathing. "It would be delightful in our warm weather, as well as very salubrious, if such conveniences [bathhouses] were erected in Boston, Braintree, or Weymouth."

The two Abigails were of course presented at court and, considering the late unpleasantness and the Tory hostility to Americans, were quite cordially received, although Abigail in later years was resentful toward the queen for real or fancied slights. Little Abigail, dubbed "the American Beauty"—perhaps the first use of that name—was much admired and presently she married Colonel William S. Smith, the secretary of the American legation.

Though it was a wonderful experience in which Abigail, far from making "an awkward figure" and "disgracing" John, was a tremendous success. She never quailed—at least outwardly—before any combination of social circumstances, but was as simply poised and easy as if she had grown up in her surroundings, or as if she were back at the foot of Penn's Hill in Braintree. She complained considerably in her letters. She was disgusted with the contrasts of wealth and poverty, and outraged at the emptiness of fashionable society. She loved "a social Evening by the fire," but "the Manners and customs of a Metropolis are unfriendly to that social intercourse which I have ever been accustomed to." "My little Cottage encompassed with my Friends has more charm for me than the Drawing Room of St. James, where studied civility and disguised coldness cover Malignant Hearts." "I have no dread upon my mind of being obliged to return and plant cabbages at the foot of Penn's Hill." "I do not feel myself at all captivated either with the Manners or politicks of Europe."

But by the time she sailed for home in 1788 she was converted and loved England so deeply that she was "suspected for the preference" she gave it. "Were I to live out of America, that country would have been my choice"; "the climate of Old England for me; people do not grow old half so fast there; two-thirds of the year here, we must freeze or melt," are sample comments.

After a stormy trip home they reached Braintree and plunged into the task of making the beautiful Vassall house, which John had purchased in 1787, into a home. John named it "Peacefield," and home it was for thirty more years.

In 1789 John became Vice-President and went to New York to be inaugurated. In May he wrote for Abigail to join him; to borrow the money if she could; if not, to "sell horses, oxen, sheep, cows, anything, at any rate, than not come on." She arrived, presumably without completely unstocking the farm, and they lived in a beautiful house on Richmond Hill in the village at Greenwich—imagine! Abigail in Greenwich Village!—a situation, so she thought, that for natural beauty might "vie with the most delicious spot I ever saw." They made it noted for "good food and good talk," and New York society liked nothing better than an invitation there; and, while the French consul did bring his cook on his first visit, dryly remarking that he had already had experience with New York dinners, he never did so again.

In 1790 Philadelphia became the seat of government, and they had to move there, living in a house at Bush Hill,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside the city. Abigail did not like the move. The house was too far out and the roads were practically impassable in winter. It was freshly painted and had had no fires in it for years. The servants were made ill and she was worked to death by a house full of company all the time. Besides she missed New York and longed for Richmond Hill. The winter was a bitter one and the forty cords of wood which they burned in four months did little more than take the chill off the house. And so, while entertained lavishly and on terms of friendship with "the dazzling Mrs. Bingham," that lovely and influential leader of Federalist fashion, whom she had known abroad, she compared everything unfavorably with New York. She was, so far as she was herself concerned, weary of public life and eager for home. After an attack of intermittent fever her health began to fail, and presently she went back to Quincy, where she spent most of her time.

For John she rejoiced at his election as President, though the office seemed to her "a slipery precipice surrounded on all sides with rocks, shoals, and quicksands," and she clearly foresaw that he would confront difficulties well-nigh insurmountable. She could not attend his inauguration, which he described to her as "the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America," because of the desperate illness of his mother, who died in April; but she wrote him a beautiful, if somewhat pessimistic, letter of congratulation. Before his inauguration Adams had taken the house Washington had occupied, and thus described the household problem before them: "House rent of twenty-seven hundred dollars a year, fifteen hundred dollars for a carriage, one thousand dollars for one pair of horses, all the glasses ornaments, kitchen furniture, the best chairs, settees, plateaus, &c., all the china, delph or Wedgewood, glass, and crockery of every sort to purchase and not a farthing probably will the House of Representatives allow. . . . all the linen besides." Abigail spent little time there, but when the move to Washington was made, to John's surprise, she went down to look the place over and to open the White House.

The first occupation was a sad affair. After leaving Baltimore they lost their way and when they arrived in Washington Abigail was in a mood to agree with Touchstone that when she was at home she was in a better place. The White House was barely habitable, with not a single room finished. The plastering was still wet. There was no fence, yard, or other convenience, so Abigail used "the great, unfinished audience room"—the present East Room—for a place to dry the clothes. The main stairs were not up and would not be before spring. Still, in time, she thought, it would be handsome. Her comments are spicy: "The House is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stable; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. . . . I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it!" Briesler, one of the men they brought from home, succeeded in getting nine cords of wood, seven of which were used in drying the walls, and, with twelve fires burning, no more could be obtained. They finally managed to get two hundred bushels of coal, and that saved them from the cold.

John had been defeated before she reached Washington and she did not tarry long, leaving in January for Quincy, sore in spirit for his sake, but happy at the thought of staying at home. "I shall be happier at Quincy. Neither my habits nor my education nor inclinations, have led me to an expensive style of living, so that I have little to mourn over. If I did not rise with dignity, I can at least fall with ease, which is the more difficult task."

At Quincy she lived happily for nearly eighteen years longer. She was often ill, but she preserved her accustomed cheerfulness in spite of her statement, "My fire is out, my wit decayed, my fancy sunk." She watched public affairs with interest, manifested a growing detestation for the Federalists, whom she regarded as "a remnant of the old tories," and after John Quincy had become a Republican, and John, having made up with Jefferson, had substantially done the same thing, she became a fairly good Republican herself—though she might not have admitted it—a defender of Jefferson and Madison, and a supporter of the War of 1812. She never forgave Hamilton. "He has passed away, but the baneful influence of his ambitious views still remains; he has left his mantle upon the Essex Junto whose objects and views are anti-American." Those views, she insisted, were "destructive to the Union and independence of the country," and certain to "subjugate us to the power and domination of Great Britain." She was ardently patriotic in the War of 1812, resented bitterly the attitude of the New England Federalists, was outraged at the burning of Washington, and overjoyed at the battle of New Orleans.

Years before she had expressed the wish that she might live to see the end of the revolutions in Europe, and now with John she rejoiced at the downfall of Napoleon whom both dreaded and detested.

In 1794 she had been troubled by the "want of principle in the rising generation," believing that freedom of inquiry and "the general toleration of religious sentiments," like all other good things, had been perverted, and that "under that shelter deism and even atheism" had found refuge, but in these later years she was always happy in the society of young people, who, like most younger generations, were somehow turning out all right. Like her husband she found her asperities softened, and she developed a new philosophy of living in which she found great contentment. Sorrow came to her in the death of little Abigail and her husband, but even that blow was softened by the presence in the home of her granddaughter Caroline, left to her for her own, and "one of the props and supports" of her last days.

And so, gently, the years passed, leaving her in possession of all her faculties, until at last the end was reached. Who has better merited and exemplified Solomon's tribute: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her"?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Married a Farm

BY EVELYN HARRIS

"Till debt do us part" is the decree of this woman farmer, owner of the largest pear orchard in the East. Mrs. Harris, born a city woman, relates some of the evils and advantages of living on a farm.

My mother was more than one hundred miles away, and I knew that she would be five hours in reaching me. Five children were sixty miles away, sound asleep in their beds, and the telephone could not wake them—to tell them that their father was dead, and their mother alone. Those in charge at the hospital would not allow me to stay in his room with him for ten minutes before they took him away some place.

During those next five hours, which have now stretched into five years, I first thought of the injustice done both of us by the physician in charge, who had *not* told me until a few hours before his going that he would not recover from the operation. There were many things which he might have told me: of the furtherance of his plans and the disposition of his property had I known how very ill he was. The short will he had made said in substance that he "wanted his estate divided according to the law, and no tombstone erected for five years after his death, and not then unless circumstances would permit." He must have had some vision of what I would have to do in the way of keeping things together, and resolved, as sick as he was, that I should not feel in duty bound to spend money for something which he thought could wait.

In those five hours I thought it all out, practically. I knew there was a heavy mortgage on every one of the four farms. I knew there was a chattel mortgage, due directly to the slump in canned foods after the war, for I had tried to help win the war by canning. I knew that during the war everything connected with the operation of the farms had so advanced in price, along with labor, that very little had been done in the orchards, and nothing new had been purchased with which to work. Then, after the war, prices had remained so high that we had tried to make out with what we had, and practically everything for the cultivation and care of the orchards was gone. But I knew I wanted to stay there. It was home for me, although at that time I had been there but seventeen years, the rest of my life having been spent in the city. I made up my mind that I would stay for the five years which he had mentioned, if there was any way possible to do so.

April 1 of 1924 had been a snowy, blowy day, and that snow was the direct cause of the death of my husband by pneumonia and appendicitis. Of course, the weather being cold, not much progress had been made in the growth of the fruit. So when I started on April 14, I simply continued what my husband had outlined for that month's work while home in bed. But the horses were old. The work seemed to pile on me, everything crying to be done at the same time. The spraying had to be finished first, and working was slow, for we had to use three barrels, holding fifty gallons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each, six horses, and nine men. The nozzles would not work; the hose burst; the drivers were careless and drove over the baby trees, and part of the spraying was never finished in 1924.

That very first year the young Bartletts set their first fruit, a very fine crop, and after carefully grading them by hand, they sold at a higher rate than any on the Baltimore markets, beating the California prices same day, same grade, by more than a dollar. My back aches when I think of those heavy baskets, lifted and held between my knees as I graded them, with the help of the children, and my husband's brother, once in a while. I was forced to hire horses and trucks both to carry them to their destination, and that was very unsatisfactory and most expensive.

My husband had rented out fields on our home farm, for he said he could get them cultivated for half the crop, and make more than if he did it with hired labor. I continued the same practice in 1924, but looking at the head-rows growing wild and the depleted fertility, I decided that 1925 would see changes in the mode of conducting the farms, and I would till seven hundred and fifty acres myself with hired help only and rent but one farm. My little daily book shows interesting reading on the margins. The weather then, as now, seemed to bother me most. In April, May, and June I read: "Rain." Then on August 5 I read: "First rain since June 28." And that means that I would have had at least one thousand dollars more for Bartletts if it had rained July 25 or a little after.

The ending of the first year found me desperate. I could not continue as I had done; so I decided on radical changes. The eldest boy decided at seventeen that he would quit school, so I meant that he should learn as much of the business as he could. Our farms were the only ones in the county set out in Bartlett pears. Twelve thousand baby trees, around twelve years of age, two hundred and fifty—sixty years of age, two thousand—forty years of age, all of Bartletts; then around fifteen thousand of other varieties, mostly Kieffers, from twenty-five to forty years old; two hundred acres in woodland and shore, two hundred of open land for cultivation of crops, and you have a picture of my assets. The trees and the boys were both young. Neither were "sot" in their ways. As I was *not* a "born" farmer, of course this changing from the old to the new was much easier on my constitution than it would have been if I had always farmed. But my training was musical, and all of it had been for the "accompanist" style, and not any solo work. I simply seemed to lose my head when called on for solo work, and always heard every whisper and felt every flutter in the audience.

I felt the same way when I started the "solo" work in farming. I heard every adverse whisper. The bank directors, invited down, to whom I proudly exhibited the baby Bartletts: "What? Them bushes? Pull them out and plant corn." And that year Bartletts sold for five times the selling price of corn, and I had as many bushels per acre. "Till all that land? Sell it, and keep a few acres for cultivation, if you feel you must farm." And they knew as well as I did that the selling price would be very little more than the mortgage, for no one wanted to buy farms then. And I knew that if I had a few acres I would only be able to afford a hoe and my own strength back of it, and I wanted a Fordson, with my son on it, for the cultivation of the farms.

Misery! And unhappiness! But kindness every way I turned. One neighbor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent down three hundred asparagus roots. Another sent some strawberries. Then I purchased raspberries, and we had plenty of blackberries (and chiggers). As the methods of both farming and financing had changed so much in the past forty years, I decided to be up-to-date and look for success. I was too unhappy to be afraid, and friends were kind, so I purchased a Fordson, with a plough, and a double disk, then a one-hundred-and-fifty-gallon-power sprayer, with absolutely nothing but my nerve, and confidence in the trees and the children. I was determined that the farm should have a chance, with new equipment, and we would plug along with made-over clothes, darned socks, and patched shoes.

The eldest boy was now seventeen, and the baby seven, with three between them. I had lived in the city all of my life before marrying except for gorgeous vacations each summer on a farm. I knew there was nothing in the city which could compare with a farm for a real good time for children, regardless of the amount of available cash. They all wanted to live right here where they had all been born, and where every nook and corner of the farm, nearly a mile square, bore some recollection of the much-loved father: the nooks in the woods, and down by the stream, where the first spring flowers could be found; the "poke" gathered early in the spring, as our first taste of something green, home-grown; the fine shore, a sandy beach, a gentle slope out to deeper water, the home-made boat and surf-board, which could go pretty fast when two Chevrolet engines had been hooked up together in the boat for motive-power; the bathhouses made by Nature, the little home-made tables and benches right down on the shore where suppers were served after a hot day's work and a nice cool swim; the suppers eaten in paper plates, with agate cups for the drinks, and no dishes to wash—simply to go back home and to bed. Father had taught each of them to swim, and many fancy stunts were tried in the clean blue water of the Chesapeake Bay. The chance for crabbing, and the dishes which followed; the peaches and luscious Bartlett pears, ripened on the trees, colored by Nature and not gas. The Watermelons, with a capital W; the cantaloupes and sweet potatoes. All mean simply work in the spring and early summer; work plus cash for fertilizer and hoes after the seed is purchased. But when things begin to ripen, there seems to be no work attached to picking and bringing in the goodies for the table. Sometimes they never get any farther than the porch before they are eaten. Can you imagine anything better than sugar-corn fifteen minutes from the field? And Lima beans but twice that far?

The fall brings the chance to go gunning for rabbits and squirrels and birds. One boy shot a fine red fox for his mother's neck-piece. Then later on the persimmons and papaws and walnuts right in the woods ready for the taking. None of these clean, wholesome sports and foods could be purchased in the city with any income less than that of a millionaire. Here on the farm they were free and health-building and happiness-making.

Berries and fruit-trees added to a garden and truck patch, plus a cow and some hogs, and every one of the children had work after school and during vacation, and we had splendid food summer and winter. Two hours' work and then four hours' play kept them all out of mischief. Horseback riding sometimes four at a time, free of charge, when the horses are not busy working;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I could not have earned enough in the city to have hired one horse.

These are the main reasons why I decided to go it alone, knowing well that each year I should have to make clear much more money than the average city man earns just to pay taxes, interest, and insurance before I paid any help or bought any food. I was too unhappy to be afraid of anything. When I found that the local banks were afraid of me as a financial risk, because of my indebtedness and sex, I went out of the State. There are no fences in finance, either. The farm here is "a place where there is something to do" for not only my own children but those of the neighborhood. They all help—at the tractor, grader, truck, sprayer, brooder, telephone, or cook-stove. In such fashion they are earning their spending-money, and some saving money also. If I can just hold my own while the children and the orchards are young, I shall be on Easy Street later on. The oldest Bartlett and Seckel trees on the farm are sixty-five years of age and still bearing profitable crops. Another orchard is forty-five years of age, planted by my husband's father when he (my husband) was a small boy. These continue to be profitable over a long period of years; hence the large planting of Bartletts here, the only one in the State.

The beginning of the winter showed on my book "Snow," then "More snow, sleighing fine." The next entry is "Mumps," the next "More mumps." All five of the children down in bed with them. Then I read: "Down to 8, too cold to work." And in six days I had twenty-one men at work on the farms. Another entry, March 20, is "Dog bit me." But the next day showed that I planted garden-seed after cauterizing the wounds. She was a big Chesapeake Bay water-dog, and she had seven puppies. Her owner gave me one of the puppies, to pay for the bite the mother took. That puppy now is a grown-up dog, and she has six puppies. So one bite equals six pups—which the children are selling from five to ten dollars each.

I had a strike that year, right when I needed men most. They wanted more money, simply because they thought they could get it, as my rate was the same as other farmers paid. I did not give in to them. Most of them are working for me yet. Then we had a dreadful hail, which cut and bruised the fruit. I now carry hail insurance, and have never been able to collect a premium, for it seems to act as a preventive. I did not carry accident insurance, and upset my car, and I fell and broke two ribs and my collar-bone. I now carry accident insurance, and aside from breaking another rib trying to lift my car out of the mud, this year I have not been able to make use of *it* while farming.

Uncle Sam maintains a substation connected with the Aberdeen Proving-ground, right here on this farm. One morning, early in January, the young man in charge ran up from the tower, and met me going down, for I saw a fire. An accident to a blow-torch had set fire to the room containing barrels of gasoline and the Delco, so he threw the torch out-of-doors. By the time the fire was extinguished in the little storeroom a tremendous fire was raging out-of-doors, in the dead grass, on the block containing six thousand five hundred young Bartlett trees. By the time we had beaten out the fire, by running the tractor wheels over it, more than two thousand trees had been burned so badly that the bark peeled at once. He did not report it, because he thought that no damage had been done, as the trees were dormant (and still thinks so, by the way), but I sent in a bill to Uncle Sam for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty-five hundred dollars. I figured that I would lose at least that much before the trees would come back. Now, after four years, more than one-third of them are dead, and the balance are so severely damaged that but one-third are fit for anything at all. From a block the same size, last year, I shipped out more than sixteen hundred dollars' worth of Bartletts. The War Department would pay me five hundred dollars but I refused the check. It, also, cannot see any damage done.

During the past three years the department has persisted in dropping big bombs right off my kitchen window into the deep part of the Chesapeake Bay. The big bombing-planes come over from Aberdeen, drop two or three bombs, shake the house to pieces, and fly back. The plaster has fallen three times, directly following the terrible concussion from the largest bombs, and I wrote and asked that they at least pay damages for this. A natty officer took a trip over here, looked us over, and said the house was old, and that was the reason the plaster fell. All I know is, it stayed here for more than one hundred years without falling. The men who plastered in those days knew how to do a good job. The various inspectors for the burned trees say they would have died anyway and it is foolish to try to grow pears in Maryland. Sometimes I partly agree with them. But that fire destroyed more trees in a single afternoon than all other things combined over a period of fifty years. While Mr. Hoover is on the subject of Farm Relief, I hope he'll tell some of the men under him just the value of a bearing Bartlett-pear orchard, for I think he knows something of them in California.

One of our special problems down here on Maryland farms is that of boarding the "hands." As I live near a summer resort, of course all of the women cooks want to work there in the summer-time. There is no fun at all in getting up by daybreak, cooking a breakfast for twenty to forty men, and then going out to start the men in their work. I simply never had a chance to eat, and don't yet. My idea of heaven is a place where I shall have the time to eat something which some one else prepares, and no dishes to wash.

It is easier and neater to farm in men's clothing than in women's garb. It used to take a long time to dress in the morning, especially to put up my hair. Then when I'd get in the field, I could not always go down to a gate, I'd just climb over. The briers caught my stockings, and wire ripped my dresses; my hairpins were always lost! I hated to keep a hat on all of the time, and without one my hair was hanging down my back. One day I had it cut and appeared with a bob. As long as I farm, personally, I shall keep my hair short, at least until I find other farmers wearing it long. But around here dressing for comfort also means dressing for conversation, and there is talk about my attire.

The lots rented out to tenants by my husband had grown up in locust and sassafras in most instances, and the field used for permanent pasture for sheep and horses and our one cow was soon to become a wilderness. Eight men with grubbing-hoes worked for two weeks, and I figured I had spent around two hundred dollars on one acre of ground, trying to rid it of locust bushes which sprout up each year even after they are grubbed out. One day riding along the road I noticed men putting up a fence of round posts for the State Roads Commission. I asked what they paid for such posts, and then went to see the boss. The year following my grubbing-up that acre, I sold nearly one thousand dollars'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth of locust posts to the State Roads Commission and three farmers, and the lap-wood sawed in stove lengths paid for all of the cost of cutting and hauling both. I am exchanging some of the stove-wood with the School Board for transportation of the two children in high school, and after I have finished fencing all of my farms, I shall have more posts for sale, but I grub only in orchards now.

Along with all of these trials and tribulations, I find entries such as "Ate first peas to-day," "Raspberries are going fine," "Chicks ready to eat," and ready early, for I soon found that a farmer who farms cannot fool with a setting hen. There are too many other aggravations which have to be endured, to fool with getting chickens in that fashion. I had a small brooder-house built, swapped some fancy sugar-corn seed for a brooder, exchanged fancy eggs for day-old chicks, and the children come pretty near taking care of them for me. We have fried chicken oftener and earlier than in the old-fashioned way, and I cannot see that I lose any more chicks.

I persuaded my second son to buy a cow, for which he paid fifty dollars. She has provided us with milk about the whole year round, for during the summer we sell the surplus, and in the winter we purchase about the same amount. The boy now has a cow worth one hundred and fifty dollars, has sold a calf for twenty dollars each year, and has a surplus milk-account also. He has a few hives of bees, on which we hope to learn how to grow honey profitably. At present we simply have a mighty fine dish of honey and waffles whenever we feel like it.

Along with the tractor, the power sprayer, the windmill, and everything I can do, including the hail insurance, I still have not found any way in which I can either control the weather or work while it rains. During the blossoming period no fruit will set if the rain falls steadily for three days while they are in full bloom. My diary shows more rain than any other one thing. That might prove two things: when it rains I have less help to cook for and more time for bookkeeping, or it might mean that this record will be valuable some day in preparing for a rain insurance. The rainfall here in Maryland has washed away in the spring hundreds of bushels of pears which could not "set." Then during the summer the lack of rain has kept the fruit small, and thus I lost hundreds of bushels of pears. California has a dry spell when fruit is ready for pollination, and then irrigates before picking. "So *they* say."

The man going to college gets a degree and a diploma and goes to his life-work. The man or woman on a farm studies year after year, practises year after year, and never does learn enough about his work to say that he is ready for a diploma. What works this year may not work next year, but there is always a thrill about sticking the plough into the ground the first time each year. Nothing can beat it. The first furrow ploughed with the new Fordson made me feel as if I was going to win out. But the birds ate up most of that early, first-ploughed piece of corn, and I had a debt instead of a profit. But before the debt, I had visions of early corn, carefully cultivated and sold at a high figure.

Friends in other States send me the best they have in the way of encouragement, information, and general goodwill. Some of them I've met, and some I know only by this old, second-hand typewriter. I do not hesitate to stop in any county, in any State, and ask a question of a farmer about his work, and I get a friendly response every time. The advice I get is so contradictory that I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want to stay on the farm and find out for myself what can be done.

I can see more than was possible twenty-three years ago when first I came to the farm. I travelled a good bit on horseback, and used my feet for many a weary mile over the land (the tracks of a woman's shoe are easily followed in worked ground). Once in a while, during the first year alone, when so many men were doing what a few can do now, I would go to the top of the observation tower on the government property and look out in the orchard with the glasses and see—men resting on the end of the row, and loafing generally. And it made me feel badly, so I have learned now not to see many things, or—if I do—to forget them as quickly as I can. I can stand on the porch and listen for the tractor, and know that the orchards are being worked or sprayed, and that is a comfort. In the first days I could see but one field at a time, horseback or walking, but up in an airplane with my son a few weeks ago I could see the whole farm at one time. A square mile of farm and woods and marsh just by going "up in the air" a little. I did not see many things which are only visible when a person is right down on the same level, but I was happy to see nearly two hundred acres in bloom, of pink and white in square blocks, interspersed with the soft velvety green of growing wheat, and with the deep browns of the ploughed fields it made a picture which I shall not soon forget. I took pleasure in the thought that my first ride in an airplane was with my oldest son as pilot, and over our own farms. I thought, while riding along so smoothly over a small negro settlement, of life as we are living it. I knew very well that down on the ground there was disorder and filth and badness, but up in the air the little town looked just like a Christmas-tree garden, with tiny houses and trees and a white strip of road (which I *knew* was filled with deep ruts and mud-holes). Everything looked all right. And I just wondered if the Providence which watches over us in all kinds of weather and conditions saw only the beautiful side. I just wondered if He was so high up above us that He could not see the mean, petty, dirty, bad things which we of earth know is down here because we are on the same level with it.

And then I thought of spraying or dusting with an airplane, as a commercial practice, in an orchard. I know it is being done by the government in forest projects, but think of the time saved if it could be done on the farms also. I could see, in my mind, the little horse-drawn wagon with which I had started to spray, and the long, long wait for repairs. We are in a hurry to live and in a hurry to die, it would seem from the fatal accidents in the cities daily.

But down here on the farm Nature can't be hurried much. We are sprouting acorns which we are going to plant, and there is not much chance of hurrying them into oak-trees; we are planting walnut seedlings for logs fifty years hence; we are planting pears which must grow for fifteen years before there is much profit in them, but we'd like to care for the work in the fastest form of locomotion known at the present time. And we like to travel as much as we can and in as short a time as possible. I am hoping to drop in on some California pear-grower some day and watch him work, without losing too much time from my own orchard.

My method has changed completely during the past five years. We used to grow acres of corn, and had the stable enlarged for the horses necessary for its cultivation. This year I have had installed on a convenient corner a tank

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holding more than one thousand gallons of gasoline, and in a few minutes John D. Rockefeller's man can fill it for me. That saves me many hours of corn-growing and many dollars in housing both corn and horses. Machinery attracts my boys more than horses do. They know something of the upkeep and repair work on both engines and tractors. One boy with a tractor and plough can do the same amount of work in the orchard that four men did with eight horses in a month (by that I mean the days in the month which were fit to work the ploughs). One round trip between the trees with a double disk, and the ground is worked in a short time.

Farming in the old way was not profitable, interesting, nor adventurous. Farming in the new way gives something of the spirit of adventure, and that had to be considered if the children were to be interested (and myself, too). Interest and excitement of some sort must be furnished, and on seven hundred and fifty acres, employing at times as many as sixty men, both are available. Interest and interest money, too, for as I started farming with no capital at all, some one had to have interest in either the farms, the prospects, or myself, to lend me money. I borrowed on all three, and to safeguard them placed a very large life-insurance policy on myself and eldest son; increased the fire insurance and now carry hail insurance also. But I cannot do much with the weather problem. It is the only thing I really fear. From a mouse to a mortgage, and from a politician to the President, I fear none, and can hold my own with a smile and plead my case.

The story of farming is tied up with debt and discouragement many times, but if the children can grow a little popcorn and pop it by the open fireplace fed by locust chunks in the living-room, why worry about steam-heat and the miners' strikes? If they can sharpen their skates and try out the ice just outside the kitchen window, before a friendly game of pitch and a half-bushel of apples, why worry about the movies or the talkies or the ice-cream cone? Hundreds of successful men had their weekly baths in a basin or wash-tub before the kitchen-fire, and is there any reason to suppose that new ones cannot thus be bathed?

The eldest boy has chosen aviation, and as he has had one crash and is wearing a pivot-tooth, he has gained experience. The eldest girl is majoring in physical training, and the farm has helped her. The other children are not yet old enough for a decision.

A woman can farm successfully without a husband or a gentleman manager, but a man can also do without a cook and housekeeper. Neither is often done, for the intimate, close companionship of a farm needs two to express. The plans are more effective if talked over and picked to pieces several times before being used. It is difficult to be in more than one place at a time, and in many instances during the day it would seem that three places need my attention at once—the orchard, the brooder-house, and the kitchen.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow." And then he showed them to me, more than twenty years ago. I have the sons and daughters of the horses, hogs, and chickens. I feel as if I had married the farm as well as the farmer, and am convinced that nothing but "non-support" would ever make me consider a divorce.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mojo

THE STRANGE MAGIC THAT WORKS IN THE SOUTH TO-DAY

BY RUTH BASS

Conjur is a strange thing. Some conjurers are born that way. Some learn their magic through long, slow years of patient meditating and watching of signs, and others, like young Donis, have conjur thrust upon them by accident. Donis picked up a hat that had been blown from another negro's head in a whirlwind. He handed the hat back to the man. A few hours later the owner of the hat stooped to untangle the traces from his black mule's leg. He was laughing. The mule became frightened and kicked the man to death. He had died laughing aloud, and his death was attributed to Donis who had taken the hat from the devil in the whirlwind. Men would no longer work around him. He could not get a place to stay or to eat. Eventually he was forced to live away from his fellows in a tumble-down cabin on the edge of the swamp and follow conjuring as a trade. Sometimes a gal will come down from one of the plantations begging him for a love-charm; or a half-scared buck will come, willing to pay for a trick that will bring his wandering woman back home. But mostly Donis will be alone with the swamp and the silence—and the powers of conjuration. For magic is a lonely thing and when it falls upon a native of the Bayou Pierre swamp-lands there is no escape from it.

In these swamp-lands there are different ways by which a conjurer can be identified. If you are a double-sighted person and can see ghosts, if you happen to have been born on Christmas Day, or are a seventh son, you are born for magic. Others say, if you are an albino, or have three birthmarks on your left arm, or a luck-mole on your right arm, or if you have one blue eye and one black, you are born to conjure and it will be no trouble for you to learn the art of gri-gri. Of the several conjurers I have known in Mississippi, each one had some distinguishing physical characteristic. One was tall and dark with grave eyes. One was an undersized, dwarfed mulatto, almost an albino, with green eyes and a cunning little face. I remember one who had a twisted back and walked with a sickening, one-sided limp. But the most powerful conjurer I know to-day is a tall, dark woman. Her straight-backed, small-breasted figure seems in some strange way to suggest unusual strength. Her eyes are grave and wise, terribly wise in the ways of ghosts and devils and mojo, as well as in the practice of medicine. "Dat sickness ain't nat'ul an' doctor's medicine am bound tuh be agin hit," they say and send for Menthy. Menthy will come, grave and dark, to work her cures. A strange conglomeration of superstition and folk-lore these cures are.

She might prescribe the sucking of alum, or rubbing the limbs with graveyard dirt. Her specific for all diseases

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought on by tricks or conjur is to mix some mutton suet with powdered blue-stone and quinine and rub this salve on the bottoms of the patient's feet every morning. No one can harm the person who uses this salve, because it contains the fat of a lamb, and the lamb "am so innercint." For diagnosis Menthy will put a piece of silver in the hand or mouth of the sufferer. If the silver turns black, he has been conjured and must be treated accordingly. To locate the conjurer she uses the blood of a fat chicken. This is put into the hand of the patient and the hand slapped; whichever way the blood flies—well, the origin of the trick lies in that direction. One conjurer, a blue-gum negro called a "Ponton," or cross between a horse and a man, uses tea made from the burned lining of the gizzard of a frizzly chicken pounded up with prince-feathers, to relieve a trick. Still another—an old, wrinkled, black woman—claims that water in which silver has been boiled is very effective.

As a preventive against being tricked Menthy prescribes nutmeg worn on a string around the neck, or the red foot of a jay-bird carried in the pocket. Others advise carrying the paw of a mole or a little ball of "he-garlic." One old man from up the swamp carries the right eye of a wolf in his right sleeve as a guard against the evil eye. The little old, black, wrinkled woman claims that she can prevent a woman from ever having children by giving her tea brewed from black haw and dogwood roots. Menthy accomplishes this by giving the woman dog-fennel to chew. She makes salves by boiling collard leaves and vinegar or vinegar and clay. But Tully, the hunchback conjurer who has a crippled body but unusual "strength uv haid," makes salve out of earthworms fried in lard. He cures rheumatism with the gall from animals, and headache with a poultice of jimson-weeds. To cure chills and fever he rubs red pepper up and down the patient's back to warm up the system. Others put red pepper into the sufferer's shoes. Menthy prescribes bathing in sun-warmed water and wrapping up in leaves of "Palma Christian." All over Mississippi one will find hog's-hoof tea prescribed for pneumonia or pine-top tea sweetened with honey, or sweet-gum ball tea. Menthy cures consumption by giving the patient hot blood from the heart of a young bull and by rubbing goose grease on the chest. To cure toothache, she picks the teeth with a sliver from a pine-tree that was struck by lightning and then throws the pick into running water. The best-known general household remedy, given for all manner of diseases, is May-water. May-water is water caught in the first rain that falls in the month of May.

The strangest cure I think I ever heard of in Mississippi was when Overlea, a seventh son and a born double-sighter, loosed five white pigeons that had never known freedom, for a sick child. When the pigeons crossed water the child was cured. Overlea, they say, can "split a storm" by sticking an axe into the corner of the room or into the ground. He can produce rain by crossing two matches and sprinkling salt on them, or by hanging up a "snake-shed." He can call fair weather by sleeping with certain flowers under his head. Yes, magic is still a practised and powerful thing among the negroes of some parts of the South to-day.

It was Menthy, feared and respected as she is all over the Bottoms, who told me how to become a conjurer. It seems that the secret of the whole thing is to know the signs. First, last, and always, know the signs, and nothing will be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hidden from you. If a person knows the signs, he can always tell what is going to happen. One thing the conjurer always does is to learn some secret name by which he calls himself when working spells. This name is never revealed to any one. Then he learns to meditate. If he knows the signs and knows how to meditate, all he has to do is lie down on his back, fold his arms, and watch the visions swing by. There are a few signs that are more or less common to all mojo-workers.

They always carry a beauty rock (a small, clear pebble) in their pockets and they are careful never to drink from a gourd after another conjurer. They always watch out for cats, pigs, and woodpeckers. From various sources I learned why these three creatures are watched out for. Woodpeckers are conjur-birds, always tapping at things and digging out secrets. Pigs can see the wind. When you hear pigs squealing uncommon loud—well, that's a sure sign of a change in the weather. The pigs are squealing at what they see on the wind. If a person wishes to see the wind, he must put a little of the water that runs out of the corner of the pig's eye in his own eyes. Cats were first made out of Jesus' glove, and that's why it's so unlucky to kill a cat. Always watch out for cats.

Then the student of mojo must learn how to lay the tricks. Red flannel is almost always used in making tricks. To hoodoo a person, Menthy takes a bunch of hair or wool, a rabbit's paw, and a chicken gizzard. She ties these up in a red flannel rag and fastens the bundle to some implement which the man to be conjured is in the habit of using. She assures me that as soon as the person catches sight of the trick his eyes will bulge out, and he will break into a cold sweat. He gradually grows weak and will eventually fall away to a mere shadow. Some conjurers put their tricks into the person's shoes; others into his sweet-potato patch or his wood-pile, or rub it on his razor or butcher-knife. Menthy's grandpappy, who from all accounts was a most powerful witch-doctor, could make the wind a bearer of devilment. He would dust his hands with powdered devil's-shoestring and devil's-snuff, then hold them up so the wind would blow the dust toward the person he wished to conjure. Jimson-weed pounded with the dried head of a snake will fly on the wind and work the trick also. However, except in extreme cases, Menthy herself is averse to using the wind to carry tricks. She would only shake her head when I asked her why. Probably because too many people can see the wind nowadays.

As a personal favor to a friend of long standing, Menthy disclosed to me, on special request, the most powerful trick known to any conjurer in the Bottoms. It is a dangerous business and can't be played with. You take the wing of a jaybird, the jaw of a squirrel, and the fang of a rattlesnake and burn them to ashes on red-hot metal. Mix the ashes with a bit of grave dust, taken at sundown from the grave of the old and wicked, moisten with the blood of a pig-eating sow, and make into a cake. Put this cake into a little bag tied with ravellings from a shroud, name it for a person you wish to conjure, and bury it under his house. It will bring certain death to the victim. In making this trick, the forefinger of the left hand must be used. In fact, among conjurers of this section of the South it is a common practice to use this certain finger. This is the dog finger. The dog finger is the conjur finger and the left hand is the devil's hand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far as I have been able to discover, there seems to be a trick for every kind of occupation and desire in life. To the swamp negroes nothing is inanimate, incapable of being tricked. I have heard a swamp negress talking aloud to her pot because it was slow about boiling. She begged it to boil, pointed out the advantages of boiling over not boiling, and when it remained obstinate she resorted to a trick which consisted of rubbing her belly. The pot promptly cooked faster. To prevent things from boiling over, the cook rubs her head. I have often heard plantation folks use angry words to a fire because it refused to burn. And they say that if a fire burns with a blue flame it is making anger and you'd better "chunk" some salt in there to drive the devil away.

The swamp seems to be full of old and familiar friends, and those who live in its shadows are never lonely. The fisherman on the wet, shaded banks of the bayou talks to his fish-hook before he sets it to catch the sleepy catfish in the sluggish stream. He tells the hook how hungry his children and his old grandmammy are, and how easy it is to catch fish. Then he spits on the hook and sets it out. A hook that continually refuses to catch a fish is judged naturally bad-natured and perverse and is soon consigned to the bottom of the bayou.

One class of tricks always popular and useful is the great and powerful love-charm. Chewing of heart-root in the presence of a person will soften that person's heart toward you. To get control over a person, chew some shame-weed and rub it on your hands before shaking hands with the person you desire. To call a woman to you is a little more complicated and usually has to be done by a professional, though the common population tries its hand at most of the love-tricks. You pick up some dirt from the woman's foot-track, mingle it with some dust from your own track, mix with red onion juice, and tie in red flannel. This charm is carried in the left breast-pocket and acts as a magnet to draw the desired one to you. To bring a man and woman together, Menthy gets some hair from the head of each. She takes this to the woods and finds a young sapling that has grown up in a fork. She splits the tree a little at this fork and puts the hair in the split place. When this tree grows up the two will be eternally united. Menthy informs me that men are always coming to her for tricks to keep a wandering woman at home, and this is how she does it. Devil's-shoestring (a plant that grows abundantly in the Bottoms) mixed with snail-water, tracks from the woman's right foot, gunpowder, and bluestone. This mixture planted around the house is guaranteed to keep any woman at home. To break up a couple, Menthy takes some of the tracks of each while the ground is wet, rolls this up in brown paper, putting some whiskers of a cat and those of a dog in with it. She ties this up in a sack and leaves until the earth is dry. When it has dried she throws it all into the fire, and the two will henceforth fight like cats and dogs.

These are a few proofs that magic is a living thing in some parts of the South to-day. Where did it come from? How long has it existed? What part of it was brought from the African jungle? How much of it has been acquired from the whites, who in turn had brought it from their own foreign forefathers? Most of us have lost our ancient mysteries in the creation and worship of machinery. We have left magic behind. As they have taken the out-of-date clothes and old-fashioned, battered furniture, they took our outworn wisdom. Planted in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swamp this patched and cut-down wisdom has lived and grown. Their mojo is not fakery. It is not trickery. It is magic. Swamps themselves are mysterious, and magic belongs there. Swamps are refuges for wild things that are in danger of extermination. Mojo is taking its last stand. It has retreated to the swamp-lands. Whatever its origin, whatever its future, it is no less interesting and no less an outward sign of the emotional and spiritual life of the rural negroes in parts of the South to-day. I am convinced that volumes of unsurpassably interesting folk-knowledge exist among the plantation black folk of Mississippi and other Southern States. It seems certain that at least a part of this magic is of African origin. It is doubly certain that it is all in danger of passing away with the passing of plantation negro life.

In these swamp-lands I have often found traces of the old magic called tree-talking. Here magic becomes a still more imponderable thing and carries with it a philosophy that is more or less pantheistic. It had its roots in the friendship of the jungle man for the mysterious, animated, and beautiful world in which he lived. The swamp people, like the jungle men, recognize life in everything about them. They impart a consciousness and a wisdom to the variable moods of material things, wind, water, trees. Details are vague and hard to find, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the basis of tree-talking is the cultivation of a friendship with a certain tree—any tree of any species will do. The young tree-talker goes to this tree, first with a teacher and later alone. He loves it and studies it under all conditions and seasons. He listens while the summer breezes whisper through it. He pays attention to the lashing of winter winds. He meditates under it by day and sleeps under it at night. Then, when he has learned its language, tree and man talk together. No one can explain it. It is simply magic, a magic that is still found in the Bayou Pierre swamp-land to-day. Among my acquaintances I number one tree-talker. The other conjurers point to Divinity when I mention tree-talking. More than once I have visited his cabin in the edge of the swamp, burning with curiosity, and I learned nothing tangible. I resolved to try again and on a warm afternoon in autumn I followed the swamp path along the bayou until I found him—and what he lived by.

Old Divinity sat on the little front porch of his cabin at the very edge of the swamp. It was late October, dry and still with a low-hanging sky. Leaves were beginning to drift from the big water-oak that dominated his clean-swept yard. A frizzly cock and three varicolored hens scratched and clucked in the shrivelled leaves under a fig-tree near the porch. Six white pigeons sat in a row on the roof, sunning their ruffled feathers. A brown leaf, whirled from the oak by a sudden gust of wind, fell on Divinity's knee. He laid a gnarled old hand on the leaf and held it there. A swarm of sulphur-yellow butterflies floated by. Silently, aimlessly, purposefully, they drifted eastward. Divinity sighed.

"Bes' tuh stay in one place an' take whut de good Lawd sends, lak a tree." Here was my chance, it seemed.

"Yes, there's something of magic about a tree. I've heard that, for whoever can understand, there's a thing called tree-talking. Ever hear of it, Divinity?"

"Did Ah! Ma gran'mammy brung tree-tawkin' from de jungle. Ah's from a tree-tawkin' fambly, an' Ah ain't bin livin' undah this watah-oak evah since de surrendah foh nuthin'." I felt that I was near to looking into that almost in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scrutable negro soul. Here were pages of precious folk-knowledge and all of it in danger of passing with ninety-six-year-old Divinity. What could I say to draw out a bit of his jungle lore? I said nothing.

The old man fumbled through his numerous pockets for his sack of home-mixed tobacco and clay pipe. A flame flared up from his match, then the fragrance of burning deer-tongue slipped away on the soft air. Divinity rubbed his dry old hands together. I was afraid to seem too eager. Silence lay between us. Suddenly there came from the swamp pines and cypresses that crowded upon the little clearing, a soft murmur, a sound like the whimper of a company of comfortless creatures passing through the trees. We felt no wind and there was no perceptible movement in the tree-tops; but the gray swamp-moss swayed gently as though it were endowed with the power of voluntary motion.

"Heah dat? If yo heah murmurin' in de trees when de win' ain't blowin', dem's sperrits. Den effen yo know how tuh lissen yo kin git dey wisdom."

"Spirits of what, Divinity?"

"Why, de sperrits ob trees! Dey rustle de leaves tuh tract tenshun, den dey speaks tuh yo."

"So trees have spirits, have they?"

"Cose dey does." The old man withered me with a glance, puffed out a cloud of fragrant smoke and proceeded, in his slow old voice, to tell me a few things about spirits. Everything has spirit, he told me. What is it in the jimson-weed that cures asthma if it isn't the spirit of the weed? What is that in the buckeye that can drive off rheumatism unless it's spirit? Yes, he assured me, everything has spirit. To prove it he could take me to a certain spring that was haunted by the ghost of a bucket. Now if that bucket didn't have a spirit where did its ghost come from? To Divinity man is only a rather insignificant partaker in the adventure called life. The soul of man is a living thing, but neither greater nor less than the soul of anything else in nature. To him it is stupid to think of all other things as being soulless, insensitive, dead. "Is eberything cept'n man daid den? Dat red-burd yondah—" A cardinal, like a living flame, flashed into a dark pine. "Dat black bitch ob yourn—what she got?" Old Divinity had hit home. I stroked the soft head the old spaniel rested on my knee. "Yessum, mens an' dey rememberings keep on livin' but dat ain't all; so do de wind an' de trees an' de burds dat sing in 'em. Men am a part uv hit, dat's all. Jes' a part uv de livin' souls, no mo' an' no less. Men ain't all."

"It's a pity more men don't know this," I agreed, half to myself.

"Yessum. Hit's a sho pity," Divinity agreed, half to himself. Then I asked Divinity how men could learn this truth of his. He assured me that some men were born with it, though most people had to find it out for themselves.

"What about you, Divinity, were you born with wisdom, or did you learn it?"

"Me? Ah's de gran'son ob a witch," he answered proudly. "An' Ah's bawn wid a veil ovah ma face. A pusson what bawn wid a veil is er dubble-sighter." A double-sighter, he told me gravely, was a person who had two spirits, one that wanders and one that stays in the body, He was "strong in de haid." I gathered that a double-sighter was one who looked not merely at things but into them—and through them—one who could see beauty and significance in things near at hand. One spirit might be sitting on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little porch meditating, but the other would be swinging in the tree-tops. Double-sighters, Divinity told me seriously, mixing great truths with sheerest fancy, could see the wind. However, he assured me that there was no cause for worry if I hadn't been lucky enough to have been born with a veil.

"No'm, yo' gotta watch de signs, dat's all. Anybody what watch de signs kin tell what comin'. Heah dat woodpecker? Woodpeckers is conjur-burds, allus tappin' an' seekin'. Effen he come a tappin' on yo' housetop hit's a sho' sign ob death in dat fambly. He's a nailin' down a coffin-lid, an' somebody bettah git ready tuh go. Yessum, effen yo' know de signs yo' knows enuff." For instance, he said, when one feels a warm breath of air on his neck at night, that's a sign there's a spirit near and wanting to talk to him. Sometimes spirits were known to break a stick near by or throw down a handful of leaves to attract the attention. If the spirit is your friend he will call you by name. He asked me if I had ever been awakened in the middle of the night with a feeling that a voice had called my name. I confessed that I had.

"Well, dat's a sperrit callin' yo'. Don't nevah answer no strange voices at night," he warned me. "Pepul's sperrits wander at night an' effen dey's woke too sudden-like de sperrit is likely tuh be left out walkin'." Then the old man was silent, while a mocking-bird sang from the fig-tree. Suddenly he pointed toward the swamp with his rattan cane.

"See dem buzzards ovah dah on dat daid cypress stump? Dey's a waitin' fuh tuh smell deaf. Atter while dey'll go sailin' off in a certain d'rection an' yo' kin be sho' somebody daid ovah dat way.

" 'Deaf, he is a little man,
An' he go from do' tuh do'.'

Dat what de ole song say. But de little man allus sen' a sign, effen you jes' knows how tuh watch fuh 'em."

"What are some of the signs of death?" I wanted to know, and these are some of the things he told me. There is the sign of the empty rocking-chair rocking. That's a sure sign. If a wild bird flies into your house that's a sure sign. To drop one's bread in taking it out of the stove means sure and sudden death. If a white measuring-worm gets on a person, that worm is just measuring the person's shroud. Sweeping out of the door after sundown is a sure sign that you are sweeping somebody's soul out. If a lamp goes out of its own accord, that's a sign. If you wash clothes on New Year's Day, you're washing one of your family away. To lie on two chairs is to measure your own grave. Then there are the bad signs, such as: don't stand a hoe alongside the house you live in; and don't ever take a fire from one room to another unless you first spit on the fire. A flock of crows around a house is a bad sign, and, if you see one lone crow fly over, then turn and come back—that's a certain sign of death. Then there is the infallible ticking of deathwatches (wood-beetles). "De deafwatches is heard mos' when a pusson is low sick; when de tickin' stop, de pusson die. Yessum, 'Deaf, he is a little man, an' he go from do' tuh do'.' "

The sun was reddening in the west. A breeze had sprung up, bringing a continual soft murmur from the swamp trees. Old Divinity sat silent. His pipe had gone out. No wonder he sat and thought of death, so lonely and so old, with no one to look to.

"Do you get very lonely, Divinity, now that all your children are gone?"

"No'm. When Jessmin, ma baby, lef', Ah felt sad at fust, but now Ah sets an'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tawks tuh mase'f, er de trees an' de win'. Sometimes Ah tawks tuh God an' Jesus an' Saint Peter an' dem. Sometimes, when de win' be's right Ah heah de trains comin' an' goin'. Hit allus makes me sad, folks comin' an' goin'. Bettah tuh stay in one place an' take what de good Lawd sen', lak a tree." Dusk was creeping in through the swamp. I rose to go. A killdeer went crying across the little patch back of the cabin.

"Tu'n col', Honey. Heah Killdee cryin' dat away, he callin' up de win'. Wintah comin'." Winter! "Ah, winter, touch that little cabin lightly," I wished, as I turned through the darkening swamp and left the old, old grandson of a witch sitting on his porch, while a lone killdeer called up the wind. Mojo? Call it what you will. The magic of the swamp had come upon me. I found myself talking with the wind!

The Professor and His Wife

BY RUTH STEELE BROOKS
Author of "The Organization Complex in Our Colleges"

In the midst of a heavy bombardment of higher education, a professor's wife tells of the amenities of life in a college town. Life on this Parnassus seems not so harried as the author of "Foraging on Parnassus" in the September number found his.

We hear now and then of the amenities of sundry pastimes and professions, from book-collecting and antique-ing generally, to the joys of big business, but one rarely sees any notice taken of that most delightful of all present-day professions—the professor's. I feel a certain hesitancy as spokesman, since I lay claim to no such title, yet, at the same time qualified to speak on the subject from an unprejudiced point of view, since I have risked as much as any in undertaking it. It is, matrimonially speaking, my chosen profession.

To find the professor at his best, where the strain is purest, we should look for him, not in the college or university of a great city, where he must compete too acutely with the life of business, commuting and rushing to subway or elevated. Some of the silver dust gets brushed off his wings in this process, and he appears neither one thing nor the other—would rarely be mistaken for a business man, yet loses all the distinguishing characteristics of the professor. Rather, let us look for him in that other kind of college (much more numerous) in the city or small town, where the school is an integral part of the life of the community. Here he flourishes true to type.

It must be confessed that what publicity the profession has had of late (particularly since the war, with its rise in prices) has been of the sort to lead the average person to feel downright pity for any one who has been so misguided and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who has had so poor an eye to his own advantage as to have chosen this for his life's work. That is the general impression in this country to-day. To those in the excitement of business the professor's life seems a very humdrum affair, a round of dulness, endured for a low rate of pay, from the moment he gets up in the morning until he banks the furnace for the night. And from this they argue a certain stupidity on the part of the person in question.

The chief count against the academic life would seem to be the smallness of the money return. This is one of the many places where our American weakness, of judging by financial standards only, trips us up! It tempts to the text, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Professions, like all else, are subject to the law of compensation. Surely, the collegiate can lay claim to much on the credit side of the account!

Let me state the case of the college professor as I see it—taking for a basis the average man in a college which pays average salaries. We shall strive to keep to the middle path, stressing neither the position of those who have reached the peak of academic salaries in the more prosperous places, nor that of the young instructors who starve, figuratively, if not literally, in some of the impoverished institutions.

First, however, it is essential that these sympathizing friends be reminded that every one does not regulate his life by a money standard, and that when the choice of an academic profession was made, all thought of the possibility of ever getting rich, even in a moderate degree, was deliberately dismissed—quite as definitely as the world is renounced by the novice when she takes her vows.

Don't misunderstand! Professors are not so far above material things that money doesn't interest them, though that is literally true in many cases. They must, like other people, have food and raiment and doctor's fees. But the great difference is, that money, and the things money will buy, are not their chief concerns. What they ask is for a living wage (if this include butter on their bread, and possibly cake—so much the better), and then to be let alone to do the work which they have most at heart.

The compensations of which I speak can, perhaps, be made clearer by contrast than by mere recital of them. Let us have a talk with one of these business men who feel sorry for us, and find out something of his way of life. We will assume that he has a salary or income of fifteen or twenty thousand a year. It isn't good form to mention a less sum in these days—figures utterly beyond the wildest dreams of academic avarice! How rare such a salary is, even in business, one has only to look at statistics to learn. Every thinking person knows how much more common than the *successful* business man whom we are taking for our example, is the one who barely keeps his head above water, making only a meagre living for his family, with the constant fear always in the back of his mind that his small principal, the result of much saving and labor, may be wiped out by some error in judgment or unforeseen change in business conditions.

But to return to the man with the larger income—we shall find that he has large responsibilities to match it. It is so the world goes. It may be the care of other people's money, perhaps the direction of a big corporation. Whatever it is, he is paid for making wise decisions. Shall the business expand in this direction or that? What is safest? How keep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abreast of the times so that the other fellow may not, by keener foresight, cut into his profits? He must be constantly on the *qui vive* against competition and clever advertising, with a weather eye out for the almost miraculous inventions of the professorial scientists as they may affect his methods. Our business man tells us that it is a game, and that he enjoys playing it. Well and good; the professor's life is a game for him, too, played for entirely different stakes, to be sure, but it has for him an equal if not greater zest—else he would never have chosen that particular type of sport. Lord Grey, in his charming little essay on "Recreation," says, apropos of reading Meredith: "If you don't like to fish, you don't go fishing. If you don't like Meredith, why read him?" And this seems to me to apply to the choice of professions —particularly the academic. For one is not apt to go into it haphazard, as men frequently go into business, along any line that opens. Its characteristics are so marked, and its differences from other professions so evident as to demand a clearly thought out choice, with an affirmative decision due to real inclination.

The fact is, the professor's task has for him something of the charm of a hobby; it is a blending of work and hobby—of vocation and avocation—that is one of its precious qualities. It is the doing something which you wish most of all to do, and earning a living at the same time. This likeness is more in evidence later in life. When the time comes to retire, the business man fears to loosen his grip on affairs. He hesitates, quite rightly, too, at the thought of doing nothing. Taking a warning from the occasional examples round him, he usually decides that it is better to die in harness. The art of Leisure (and her quiet enjoyment) was made to walk the plank early in the voyage, and though he has now reached safer seas, when she would prove an agreeable travelling-mate, she is gone beyond recall. There is a story in my family, some generations back, of a young man who proposed to a girl and was refused. When, a little later, she sent word that she had changed her mind, he returned: "The coach has gone by!" Not polite, perhaps, but to the point—and so, I think, Leisure might reply! To use a garden term, they have tap roots—these gentlemen—and do not stand transplanting after maturity. All of their energy has gone into the one root—their business interests—and if this be disturbed they wither and die. The English, as a rule, manage this problem much better than we. They keep fast hold on a variety of interests as they go along, and retire young—it matters not on how big or how small an income. That is what they save for and look forward to.

Old age, however, has no fears for the professor. My impression is that he rather revels in it, and becomes younger and younger as he nears the time for retiring. For him it doesn't mean transplanting. His roots stay in the same soil, and, besides, Leisure and he have long been intimates—so why *should* he worry? For him, retiring isn't giving up his *profession;* it is only leaving off his classes. His interests remain the same—even his contact with the students need not be broken. He can if he wishes live on in exactly the same atmosphere as before.

But to go back; the professor, then, having made his choice (I speak of the real professor, not the accidental misfit or the malcontent whom one meets now and then), finds certain compensations which are more desirable in his eyes than a larger income. To begin with, in direct contrast to our man of affairs, he has no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial responsibility—no capital involved which his business acumen must protect—no fear whether he will be able to weather a crisis in the money market. *His* working capital consists of his trained mind. He knows exactly how much he can count on at the end of each month, whether business be good or bad. To be sure, some of us, who are paid in ten monthly instalments instead of twelve, and who happen to be poor at mathematics, are apt to be living off salt fish during August and September, the two lean months! However that may be—the satisfaction of knowing exactly how much your income is, increased by a check now and then for outside lectures, or for royalties from books or articles, is worth real dollars and cents, not only in peace of mind, but in helping to plan one's expenditure ahead to good advantage. It has something of the charm of a game of golf—you know what par is for your course for the year. If you are sufficiently adept to play it a few strokes under—then it means a nest-egg toward a trip to Europe. If, on the contrary, you were "off your game," the bunkers were troublesome and hazards difficult, in the way of illness and doctor's bills, and you make a poor showing (this, it may be well to mention, happens to the business man's golf as well as to the professor's), you have the satisfaction of playing it over again next year and trying to cut down your score. At least you always know what is par!

There are two or three more things bearing on the material side of the compensations which deserve consideration. One is a security of tenure which few other callings offer. If a professor does conscientious work, he is not easily to be set adrift after years of service. Indeed, opinion is so strong on this point that without some flagrant violation of our social code on his part, authorities rarely attempt it. Some professors, we grant, take advantage of this very security—grow slack in their interest, and lose their value so far as the college is concerned. It is a profession which gives to the lazy a chance to indulge in laziness, but, a fact much to their credit as a class, very few take advantage of it, and they are easily detected.

Along with this security of tenure would come the possibility, through the provisions of the Carnegie Insurance and Pension Fund (even allowing for the unprecedented cut in the latter—a great blow to many), of retiring with a yearly income which will keep the wolf from the door and take away the horror of an old age unprovided for—enabling the professor to give his best thought and energy to his teaching, writing, and research.

The college teacher does not work on an ordinary eight-hour schedule. If he is ill and misses a few days his check is not docked. Other than the necessity of meeting his classes at certain definite periods (he rarely has more than three a day, usually fewer), he may do his work when and where he likes; in his college office, his laboratory, or at home in front of his study fire, where he looks so comfortable that the business man, on seeing him, is sure to say: "What an easy time you professors have!" And so they do—comparatively—yet they are at work, work which is both their delight and their livelihood. On such occasions one is tempted to answer: "Yes, my friend, you'd like to eat *your* cake and have it, too. You want the returns that go with business and the leisure that goes with professing."

This brings us to one of the chief of the many advantages—the leisure which is so essential a part of the academic ca-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reer, the enjoyment of which in the make-up of our modern world is almost a lost art. As one looks about among friends and acquaintances, how many serene, unhurried households can be listed—how many which are not continually running on "high," with a very small reserve supply of either strength or interests for the future.

What, for example, would the average business man say to four months' vacation every year? Yet that is what college professors have—one-third of their time off in addition to Saturdays and Sundays; three months in summer, two weeks at Christmas, another two at Easter, not to mention odds and ends such as Thanksgiving, between-semester recesses, and the like. If you suggested to the man of affairs that he take a third of the year off, he would fairly sputter at your lack of understanding—tell you that it was perfectly absurd—incredible—an absolute impossibility for him not to go to his office for four months out of the year! What did you think would happen to his business in the meantime, or what did he draw his salary for? There is another side to it, too (and this, to my mind, is where pity is really merited)—many of these men would be bored by having that much free time on their hands. Scientific invention and modern political systems are giving more and more leisure to us all, leisure which, for the most part, we have not yet learned to enjoy in any profitable way. The professor has solved this problem for himself—it is a part of his great task to help others to a solution. Many men, many solutions; but with the problem unsolved, there can be no culture and little civilization.

Sensitive as I am to the advantages of the academic life, I find myself, at times, taking them somewhat as a matter of course until I pay a visit in an orthodox business household. Then I am struck all anew by the utter inflexibility of the days. The usual routine for the man of the house is a hurried breakfast, away to the office, lunch in town, and home in time for a late dinner. After the freedom of the college day it is like a squirrel turning in a cage! Compare this with my own household's leisurely breakfast at something before eight, off to college for a "nine-o'clock," arrived at after a brisk stride over grass and under trees. Back by twelve or half-past for luncheon and a chat; then an hour or two of work and a game of golf on the near-by links bring round the time for tea. Ah! Tea! That's the pleasantest hour of the day—when some confrère drops in to finish a discussion begun the day or week before, a student calls to get a book and hesitatingly joins the group—some young instructors, knowing there's always a welcome, swell the number—sometimes the circle is three or four, sometimes a dozen—all as it happens. Tea is elastic, that's one of the joys of it, and, unbelievable as it may seem, can be managed even on a professor's salary! Tongues fly and arguments grow heated, reminding one of the remark credited to Doctor Johnson that he loved to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, for then all the rest of the world must be at peace! After tea a good walk until dinner, and then a long evening's work by the study fire, and we'll call it a day! This is but a sample—and is not one of six, each week, exactly alike! Aside from the hours for classes, the schedule can be changed to fit any plan most convenient for that day.

Writing from the feminine point of view, as I have already confessed to doing, perhaps the added opportunities for family companionship appeal more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost any other phase of the advantages an academic life has to offer—opportunities which I personally would not exchange for twice the salary. For, after all, time is the only thing of which there is a limited supply! Take, for example, the freedom of the long summer vacations. What riches these hold in fresh scenes, old friends and new, in reading, gardening, long walks, the leisurely enjoyment of sheer beauty! What riches these, compared with the average two weeks of the business man! If his family goes to a summer place, he is left behind to get on as best he may, except for his fortnight holiday. Some one will say, at once, that though the professor has the time for a summer vacation, he hasn't the money to enjoy it. It is my experience that those really keen about it do manage it. And one thing might be added, just here—that with a third of your time your own, it is, or ought to be, possible to turn that to account in increasing your income. A five or six weeks term in a summer school is the commonest form of doing this. Then, too, there is in many colleges that great boon, the Sabbatical leave, which usually implies a year away at half-pay, or a half-year at full pay. In what other profession do we find such liberal provision—giving opportunity both for study and advancement in their work, and supplying at the same time an antidote against growing stale on the job?

Another point may perhaps be worth mentioning—the professor's standing is not rated, as is the average business man's success, by the number or size of his motors, the extent of his country place, or the splendor of his wife's apparel. The last thing a business man can afford to do is not to *appear* prosperous—but in the case of the college professor the same rules do not apply. A business man may well feel that he cannot do with less than an expensive new car each year as proof and symbol of his success; but the professor may clip about in a four-year-old flivver without the slightest qualm as to his prestige, either academic or social. If he chances to drive a Pierce-Arrow, it isn't safe to infer that he is a more successful teacher or a greater scholar than his confrère who runs about in the rattletrap Ford; it may only mean that he married a rich wife, or had some of this world's goods to begin with. Such things are exotic, and outside the general run of professorial possibilities.

A conversation which I had recently with a young professor bears on this point. He has a wife and two babies, and lives, according to *academic* standards, very comfortably. He was speaking of his younger brother, a business man still under thirty, with a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year. This young brother, something of a spendthrift, of the come-easy go-easy type, had said to him: "I suppose I'll end up with nothing, just like you." To which he had replied: "Now, Tom, that's just where you are making a mistake. It doesn't matter, in *my* profession, whether I have money or not; people don't expect it—but with *you,* make your pile and hold on to it, for that is what the world will judge you by." And there is much of wisdom in this advice!

But aside from all this matter-of-factness, I dare hazard another claim; namely, that college communities (provided one has a sense of humor) are among the most delightful of places in which to live! There are many elements making for comedy—youth itself is amusing enough, and here you have it in its most intense and concentrated form (much ado about nothing a good deal of the time, it must be confessed); embryo

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poets and embryo dramatists, fledgling politicians busily learning to pull wires, fraternities and sororities deciding that momentous question—who shall constitute the élite?—the caste system has nothing on them!—agitators, radicals, liberals, these are all functioning under one's very eyes! To be thoroughly unprejudiced it is only just to say that it is no one-sided affair—this academic comedy! I am sure (recalling my own undergraduate days) that the faculty are quite as amusing to the students and, I now add, even to each other, faculty wives not excluded.

But we have our serious moments, too, with constant opportunities for good lectures and good music by visitors of distinction—and the not infrequent thrill of entertaining the lion under one's own roof!

The professor is always sure of interesting and agreeable society. Among his many colleagues, gathered from every corner of the globe, with wide variety of experience and background, who are leading much the same kind of an existence—on much the same scale—all with keen *intellectual* interests of some sort, he is almost certain to find kindred spirits. Granting this intellectual stimulus, and the further fact that there is enough leisure for social give-and-take, you have two factors which make possible, I might say, assure, a very delightful form of existence. Here I rest my case.

The Verge

By Conrad Aiken

—You went to the verge, you say, and come back safely?
Some have not been so fortunate,—some have fallen.
Children go lightly there, from crag to crag,
And coign to coign—where even the goat is wary—
And make a sport of it. . . . They fling down pebbles,
Following, with eyes undizzied, the long curve,
The long slow outward curve, into the abyss,
As far as eye can follow; and they themselves
Turn back, unworried, to the here and now. . . .
But you have been there, too?—

—I saw at length
The space-defying pine, that on the last
Outjutting rock has cramped its powerful roots.
There stood I too: under that tree I stood:
My hand against its resinous bark: my face
Turned out and downward to the fourfold kingdom.
The wind roared from all quarters. The waterfall
Came down, it seemed, from Heaven. The mighty sound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of pouring elements—earth, air, and water—
The cry of eagles, chatter of falling stones—
These were the frightful language of that place.
I understood it ill, but understood.—

—You understood it? Tell me, then, its meaning.
It was an all, a nothing, or a something?
Chaos, or divine love, or emptiness?
Water and earth and air and the sun's fire?
Or else, a question, simply?—

—Water and fire were there,
And air and earth; there too was emptiness:
All, and nothing, and something too, and love.
But these poor words, these squeaks of ours, in which
We strive to mimic, with strained throats and tongues,
The spawning and outrageous elements—
Alas, how paltry are they! For I saw—

—What did you see?

—I saw myself and God.
I saw the ruin in which godhead lives:
Shapeless and vast: the strewn wreck of the world:
Sadness unplumbed: misery without bound.
Wailing I heard, but also I heard joy.
Wreckage I saw, but also I saw flowers.
Hatred I saw, but also I saw love. . . .
And thus, I saw myself.

—And this alone?

—And this alone awaits you, when you dare
To that sheer verge where horror hangs, and tremble
Against the falling rock; and, looking down,
Search the dark kingdom. It is to self you come—
And that is God. It is the seed of seeds:
Seed for disastrous and immortal worlds.
It is the answer that no question asked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forecasting and Its Frauds

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

THERE are only two things that take a person to a fortune-teller—love and money. Of course there are some few who go out of curiosity, but the trained seer easily separates the believers from the idly curious. As long as there are but two subjects upon which he is to prophesy, the dealer in fortunes can touch upon both and be certain of giving satisfaction.

Just making a prediction about love and money is not quite all there is to soothsaying, but that is the basis for all prophecies. Science comes into the game, but not in the mathematical calculations of the movements of the stars, nor in the reading of the cards, nor yet in reading the lines, crosses, and bumps of the hand. The science as well as the art of the fortune-teller is in keeping hidden how little knowledge he has of his victim and the source of what he does know. First make up your mind that it does not make one bit of difference from what source the fortune-teller pretends to get his knowledge, for all that you know is what he tells you. Playing with the cards, or an astrological chart, or holding your hand, or gazing into a crystal, are all merely the hokum accompaniment which the fortune-seeking public demands. The public dictates how it wants its fortune told, and furthermore there are styles in fortune-telling. The age of this system or that is frequently mentioned by way of recommendation, but some of the oldest systems of forecasting are not spoken of at all, for they are out of style. Age has very little to do with a system, but style has a great deal. Styles even vary in different localities. In Atlantic City and various other holiday places where the sucker is expected to come but once to have his horoscope read they tell him his whole life in order to satisfy him. In Wall Street (Oh, yes, big business men fall, too!) steady customers are expected, so one is told his future day by day only.

At present the Four Hundred favor reading the stars or the bumps of the head, as these are sciences. We are told that "astrology is the science of interpreting the influence of the heavenly bodies upon the lives of men," which at least sounds complicated enough to be scientific. The accurately taken measurements of the bumps of the head may give some information to a scientist, but hardly about the complexion of a future wife. Yet this mummery and its pseudo-scientific vocabulary are believed by educated people—that is, people educated in other things than the methods of fortune-tellers. Palm-reading, and card-reading, and the reading of the residue in a tea-cup, are still stylish with a less-particular group, though the last is becoming *passé* even with them.

I want to give a sample fortune, but please remember there are many ways of getting information, and because this may not be the way they found out about you does not signify it was not a way just as simple and just as tricky.

A man who had always had little or no interest in the chicanery of fortune-telling had listened to friends' tales of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the powers of a certain palmist until he felt he might profit by going. He wanted to know about a business change, and had no other question in mind. He phoned for an appointment and was told he might come in half an hour. The fortune-teller greeted him, and without one question began telling about the man's wife, son, and daughter. He told their names, he described the children's school work, and various other personal matters. He told that the man was a college man, and suggested that he would do well to consider no change in business that would necessitate his travelling.

The man went away perfectly satisfied, for he knew that the palm-reader had power, for he told so many things he could not possibly know, and further had answered the man's mental question by saying not to make a change in business. The fortune-teller had no chance to know the man had an opportunity to go in business in another town. The decision was made against the new business on the fortune-teller's advice.

This is what happened. When the man phoned for an appointment he gave his name. Immediately phone books were brought out. The man now lived, the current phone book showed, in a private house in a new development, while an old book showed he lived in an apartment. The fortune-teller telephoned the house and asked if he might take pictures of the children. He claimed to be a photographer and offered to make six pictures free. He got the names of the children and was about to make an appointment when he asked their ages. They weren't the right ages to get free pictures, which he regretted—but he had their names and ages. He then took a school directory and looked up the name of the school for the neighborhood and the name of the principal. He next phoned the University Club and asked if the man was in. The man was not in, but the very fact that they knew him proved him to be a member.

That was all the information he had. Working on the theory that the question was about a loved one he spoke about the family first. As the man had just bought the home he evidently did not wish to go to another town, and hence the advice about not accepting a position requiring travelling. The fortune-teller made much of the small amount of information he had and talked upon all those subjects about which he thought his client might be interested. He didn't know which topic upon which he had spoken made the impression, though by the man's manner it was obvious that an impression had been made.

The soothsayer gains most of his knowledge through trained observation and correct thinking, though, as in the example just given, he will use any method at all to get information. When he has knowledge it is the business of the craft to give it out in the most impressive way, and when he has no knowledge at all he must disguise the fact that he is merely giving universally applicable truths. "A change may be expected but not at once." "Some one who you think is your friend is talking behind your back. Be more careful what you say." "The problem in your mind need not worry you for it will come out all right though not as you expected it to." "People do not understand you. You should be more assertive—be the boss in your own home."

Of course the argument will be brought out that Cousin Nellie, or Aunt Nora, went to a fortune-teller and the name was not known and so no tele-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phone, nor directory, could have been used that time. That may perhaps be true, but then there were other sign-posts quite as useful. As example, a pretty young widow went to get advice on the advisability of remarrying. She wore a dark dress, a hat of last season, and a pair of new shoes. All the jewelry she had was a wedding-ring and a string of beads. She carried no purse and, as it was summer, wore no coat. And from that the fortune-teller told her everything without her having said one word.

The fortune-teller told the woman she was not used to work and that she had better accept the offer of marriage she was considering, as it would be what her late husband would have wanted her to do. The woman was perfectly satisfied with the seer's power and sang his praises long and loud.

The observations and deductions of the fortune-teller were as follows. The woman had been married—the wedding-ring showed that. Her dress was not as expensive a one as her wedding-ring would indicate she could once afford, and, as the dress looked like one worn for second mourning, a death had probably stopped her income. Her shoes were new and were not as dressy as the rest of her clothing and, furthermore, they were of a make advertised to help foot trouble. Standing all day, for those not used to it, is a very common cause of foot trouble. In other words, she was probably not used to standing and she wouldn't stand were it not required in work. As she stood at work and was not used to standing she was not used to work. Of course, all this reasoning might be faulty, but the chance seemed in favor of it, and as long as there is a percentage in favor of the fortune-teller he is satisfied. Her string of beads obviously was new and rather expensive and probably was a gift from some man in love with her. Remember, she was young and pretty. The fortune-teller reasoned that she wanted to marry again and yet felt she had to remain faithful to her husband's memory. He told her what he believed would please her. Perhaps the man was the last person she should have married. The advice may have been as good as but it was no better than the advice of any other stranger. She would have done much better, if she had no friends, to go to her minister or employer for advice.

There are subdivisions to the headings love and money, for each is divided into two parts. Love is classified as the love one has and the love one wants. The family—parents, brothers, sisters, husband, or wife, and children—is the love one has, and the questions about members of the family are usually concerning health. Is the love reciprocated is the one main question about the love one wants. The two questions concerning money are how to get back what was lost and how to get what was never had. Of course, under the general heading of money come all those things of intrinsic value that represent money. The general answer to the whereabouts of money or jewelry thought stolen is that it was neither lost nor stolen, but mislaid. Several places are then named where the person is to look for his money—in the pocket of another suit of clothes, or in back of the bookcase or some other piece of furniture it could slip behind, or in dresser drawers. It is astounding how frequently the seer will be right when he names those places where police statistics show a large part of missing valuables are eventually found. When a definite place or a particular person is named, it is certain that the seer had knowledge of which his victim

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believes him ignorant. Always remember that many people know many things about you that can be of no concern to them. We are apt to dismiss as unknown those things about ourselves we feel are not the concern of others. It is part of the game of fortunes to put two and two together and get the inevitable four and then present that four in such an alluring way that one does not see that each two is obvious.

All who claim to have supernatural insight and the power of prophecy are conscious frauds. Most excuse their work by saying that they judge people and tell them their weaknesses and how to correct them and that they patch family differences and bring quarrelled lovers together. They also, though they are not so apt to admit it, break up homes by warning against some non-existent blond or a dark man with a mustache. By their very advertisements they lead people on to tell family troubles, and by their answers drive in still further the wedge of family dissension. This is an actual advertisement of a fortune-teller who is continually consulted:

"I am here to help all men and women who are burdened down with sorrows and discontentment. If you have domestic troubles or financial worries, come and I will advise you. Will advise on all matters pertaining to one's life. One visit will convince you. All readings strictly confidential. All welcome. Readings $1."

Such a sign would be against the law in many States and rightly. The fortune-teller who claims to be in touch with your dear departed mother-in-law and can show by certificate he is a died-in-the-wool medium is exempt from the law in New York State. However, even a medium may not charge a fixed fee. They were quite perturbed about that in their recent New York Convention, for passing the hat is not such good business. Nevertheless mediums (though they may not be the ones who belong to the union) do charge fixed fees, and fortunes are bootlegged in States forbidding them.

Not every person can be made to tell unwittingly all those things he wants talked about, though most people can. There is another angle to the racket of the dealers in prophecy when a person will talk, for the knowledge thus gained is frequently blackmail material. A man who goes to the fortune-teller to ask why his wife fails to understand him may later have to pay hush money to have the secret kept about the other woman who does understand him. Business secrets are frequently made of use to the medium, or fortune-teller, to whom some nit-wit has prattled. A fortune-teller told me he had much less trouble getting people to talk than to keep them quiet long enough for him to talk. Obviously, all that they are told, or retold, is just what they have been talking about. The wording is changed and a word or two thrown in about what remarkable people they are or that it is too bad they are not understood.

Some of the other forms of prophecy that were stylish in other times were by the color and peculiarities of wine, or by a sacrificial fire or with a red-hot iron. The prophets no longer use the entrails of fishes nor the entrails of animals or humans after they had been offered for sacrifice; but numbers, and dice, and the letters in a name are still occasionally used. Mirrors are the forecaster's props in some parts of the world, and in other parts are used plates full of sand. The Bible opened at random and a verse selected by a mentally chosen number is believed by many will contain an an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swer to one's question. Three tries are permitted provided no answer is found on the first or second attempt. A minister said he thought it harmless enough, for the type of folk who would do it could not be made to read the Bible any other way.

Jewelry, clothes, eyeglasses, emblems of clubs and businesses, manners, and accent all tell the trained observer something. People are inclined to think they are not badged because they do not wear a Rotary Club button, and completely forget other things they wear may be as telltale as a billboard. For instance, few men wear wrist watches who were not in the war and are old enough to have served. In general, a man gets a watch upon graduation from school, as a wedding present, or as a token of esteem from his business or club associates. If it is an old watch it was probably his father's. Few men buy themselves expensive watches. Firms and clubs seldom give a chain with a watch they present, but almost invariably engrave it. If the fortune-teller can date the watch, or, in other words, can tell by the design of the watch how old it is, he has a fair chance of knowing when a man graduated from college or was married. An engagement-ring or wedding-ring can similarly give away the date of a marriage. The present fad for antique jewelry makes little confusion, for it is taken into account. Several pieces of foreign jewelry usually means the wearer has made a European trip, and if the designs are studied many places on the itinerary can be named. Clothing people can tell by materials and cut many things about a suit, a jeweller can tell a great deal from casually looking at jewelry, a doctor can tell much about a person's general health at a glance. Each knows the little signs and where to look for them, and so does the fortune-teller. Naturally it all requires long study, but once known and carefully used and the money will roll in from those in whom confidence is larger than judgment.

The fortune-tellers are going to dismiss this exposure by saying in a big-hearted way that I don't understand the subject at all, and while there are some fakers the majority are gifted and scientific people. The astrologers are going back to Egyptian history and tell how exact is their science—and continue to ignore the fact that they don't agree—and many will continue to use a pamphlet I wrote giving horoscopes for various months. Even though I did make it all up I still will think it is pretty good and I doubt if its sale of a hundred thousand copies prejudiced me. (The pious will excuse me for, when I wrote it, I was just out of high school.) There is only one item in the pamphlet I would change, and that is the note about "a girl born in December should marry a man born in June." While my natal month is still June the girl born in December married another fellow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

To all those who are afraid to recommend a book for fear somebody may not like it, I would suggest that they recommend only those books they like themselves. It is of course true that the meat-and-poison proverb applies more to mental than to material food; which is one reason why I enjoy making out literary and theatrical prescriptions.

It is seldom that I recommend a book with the serene assurance that everybody will enjoy it; but I have never felt more confidence in such a result than now, when I prescribe for young and old, male and female, sophisticated and naïve, the new novel by Harry Leon Wilson, called "Lone Tree." Whoever you are, if you don't like this book, you should consult a physician.

I am rather amazed that Mr. Wilson, a popular and beloved author, has not more of that indefinable but unmistakable thing called Fame. It must be that his joyous and never-drying fount of humor stands in the way of his exaltation. Years after Mark Twain had published those two masterpieces, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," the formal critics still regarded him merely as a funny man; it is only recently that Ring W. Lardner has come into his own. Perhaps these critics, instead of taking such literary art seriously, took themselves so seriously that there was no space for anything else. The subject seemed more important than the object.

Harry Leon Wilson is one of the ablest of living American novelists, and "Lone Tree" is his best book. "The Boss of Little Arcady," "Bunker Bean," and "Ruggles of Red Gap" should be read by Americans for the pleasure of recognition, and by foreigners for authentic information. "Lone Tree" has the humor and the vivid slang so characteristic of its predecessors; but it is also a good story well told, with an ingenious plot and living characters. Its satire is accurate and stingless. There is pathos without a shade of sentimentality; the introduction of the Twenty-third Psalm over the radio to the convalescent ranchman, homesick for his green pastures, and the comments thereupon by the lovely and illiterate nurse, remind one of the dying Falstaff, babbling of green fields, with the comments of his devoted and ignorant female adorer.

In the latest revised edition of "Contemporary American Literature," by Professor John M. Manly and Doctor Edith Sickert, an excellent reference work of nearly four hundred pages, containing an alphabetical list of living American writers, the name of Harry Leon Wilson does not appear at all. This omission, from a handbook so excellent and so carefully planned, must be due simply to the fact that he was overlooked, perhaps the most damaging and significant of adverse criticisms; for I am sure the editors would have included him if they had thought of him. And once more, I wonder at the total absence of either critical acclaim or comment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only survival of Puritanism in many individuals to-day is the superstition that medicine cannot be efficacious unless it is unpalatable; that the things one really enjoys eating must on that account be unhygienic; that a play in the theatre which is entertaining cannot be important. If Mr. Wilson's novels, instead of being full of interest, humor, and charm, were both dull and dirty, it is probable they would receive more favorable attention from professional book-reviewers.

Stark Young, poet, dramatist, critic, novelist, has surpassed all his previous work in his latest novel, "River House," a story of Southern life, environment, and character. Mr. Young is a literary artist and a philosopher. All his books are born of serious thought, and his well-considered opinions on whatever theme he selects are invariably stimulating. As a public lecturer, he is one of the very few who are almost too good. I mean exactly that. Every oral sentence is so packed with thought and expressed with such felicity of language that it demands more consideration than the average audience could possibly give.

"River House" exhibits its author's mastery of literary style; the sentences are full of cadences, subtle, insinuating minor music, in keeping with the theme. But the story itself—apart from the manner of telling it—is appealing. There are men who ruin their happiness, and the happiness of their household, for the sake of their own pride; they can neither ask nor grant forgiveness. Such persons are often called "strong" characters; they seem to me weaker than peevish children. Mr. Young has given us a striking portrait of this kind of *paterfamilias;* and the repetition of the tragedy in the next generation is doubly impressive.

I have seldom read a book where I felt that I knew so intimately all of the persons; the quiet, aging ladies of the household are perfectly drawn. I have lived in River House.

Our distinguished American poet Edwin Arlington Robinson has performed a pious service to an old friend and a service to American culture in editing and selecting "Letters of Thomas Sergeant Perry," with an Introduction that will please every one who knew Perry and arouse the curiosity and interest of others. It may possibly be remembered that in a previous issue of this magazine I called attention to the brief and charming biography of Perry, written by his lifelong friend, John T. Morse, Jr. The letters to Mr. Morse in this slender volume are among the best.

My own friendship with Perry began in 1891, and lasted until his death in 1928. In 1883, just before I entered college, I read his book "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," and found it both informing and inspiring. There was only one tragedy in this man's career; his family life was ideal, he had intimate friends all over Europe, his prolonged residences in France and in Japan added greatly to his happiness; he had insatiable intellectual curiosity, and good books were an unfailing source of delight. But—he was a born *teacher,* he loved to teach, and he loved to be with young men. After a very few years as an immensely successful instructor at Harvard something happened; and for the rest of his life he was like a professional pianist with no access to a piano.

No man in our time wrote better let-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters to his friends, and there was an amusing self-depreciation in them, which had a humor all its own. I am very glad Mr. Robinson included (page 164) an illustration of this. Writing to Mr. Morse, Perry exclaims:

> I, whose identity is lost so utterly that I receive letters addressed to Thomas Cabot, Esq., I, who have drunk so deep a draught from the chalice of ignominy, have been asked to send to an unknown man—perhaps a fond, almost silent admirer—my *autograph*. He little knows how I treasure *his!* how I leave his note open on my desk that not I alone may read it.

Perry was a great scholar, a man of the soundest culture, who read in the original the literature of Greece, Rome, Russia, Germany, Italy, and France. He had every quality except ambition.

Professor Frederick A. Pottle, one of the most eminent of American literary scholars, has written the best book on the World War that I have seen. I have read many works by soldiers, politicians, and novelists; none has impressed me so deeply as this. It is called "Stretchers" and is a clear, calm account of the author's experiences (he was then under age) in a military camp on Long Island, in Georgia, and in an evacuation hospital at the front in France. My friend Harry Hansen, in his column on books in the New York *World,* intimates that "Stretchers" has the accuracy of a government report with the excitement of a novel. Such a remark is exactly to the point, because government reports, while presumably accurate, are unimpressive; and the average novelist, looking for sensation, sacrifices reality for emphasis. The same qualities that have given Doctor Pottle his enviable reputation as a research scholar in eighteenth-century English literature—a scrupulous accuracy and a flair for what is important—appear in shining fashion in "Stretchers." Its dispassionate statement of the impact made by the war on his young and sensitive mind is a contribution to history and to psychology. Perhaps if I quote a few sentences from his Introduction it may attract readers into a great and memorable experience; for no one who reads "Stretchers" will be able to forget it.

> I have ventured for two reasons to address this book to a wider public than the membership of the unit whose history it records. The first is that I have always found people interested in authentic information about war surgery. And, as far as I know, there has not yet appeared any work of a popular nature which presents a detailed and reliable account of the surgical care of American wounded during the World War. . . . Being a layman with no previous experience in such matters, I was perhaps better able than a surgeon to observe and record those features of the work which the ordinary man must be given if he is to visualize the scene. I really saw those things, and can describe them at first hand. . . . An exact and detailed description of the whole process of the surgical care of battle casualties at a given date should be of some historical importance. Our difficulty in reconstructing the past arises from the fact that, although we concern ourselves with recording what is novel or unusual, we usually neglect to write down what we think everybody knows until everybody has forgotten it. . . . In the second place, I feel that this book may be worth reading simply as an unvarnished narrative of what life in the army was like.

The fact that the author never indulges in antiwar propaganda or in direct adverse criticism of army methods, but confines himself wholly to stating exactly what he saw and to recording the impressions made at that time on his mind, adds to the value of his testimony. Here is the way he felt after his enlistment, the result of a romantic impulse:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a sickening finality about enlistment, an extinguishment of one's own personality as definite as through suicide. . . . To this is added an indescribable sense of degradation. Those who have been through an unusually brutal hazing in college know something about it, but not much, for the college crowd, with all its brutality and obscenity, is still a picked crowd. The army is anything but a picked crowd. It is the great general average of a nation, a state which men speak of with unction, but fortunately seldom experience. . . . "The army," Oldhauser used to say, "is only a miniature world without shame." The statement is profoundly true. The army is really no worse than the society which created it. It is simply unashamed.

Later he found in this heterogeneous mass many individuals to admire, to love, to respect, to revere; and he formed eternal friendships.

A new translation of Edmond Rostand's posthumous play "La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan" has just appeared. The translator is the accomplished Catholic chaplain of Yale University, the Reverend Father T. Lawrason Riggs. It is a beautiful piece of work, in which the translator has caught not only the meaning but the spirit of the original. I saw this play acted in the season of 1925–26 at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, and although the stage settings were poor and the acting indifferent, they could not conceal the greatness of the play. It is fortunate that we now have a thoroughly satisfactory English translation.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise, to whom all students of English literature in general and of Browning in particular owe so much, has printed (1929, one hundred and sixty copies only) a volume of one hundred and twenty-six pages, called "A Browning Library." It is of inestimable value to all interested in the work of R[illegible] and Elizabeth Browning. It includes a letter from Thomas Hardy to F[illegible]nd Gosse, written March 3, 1899, f[illegible]n which I extract the following:

The longer I live the more does Browning's character seem the leading puzzle of the nineteenth century. How could smug Christian optimism worthy of a dissenting grocer find a place inside a man who was so vast a seer and feeler when on neutral ground? You, from your intimacy with Browning, could probably answer all that, if any living man can; and don't think me officious if I say that you ought to give an explanation to the world. One day I had a theory which you will call horrible—that perceiving he would obtain in a stupid nation no hearing as a poet if he gave himself in his entirety, he professed a certain mass of commonplace opinion as a bait to get the rest of him taken. Well, "The Riddle of Browning" is what I want to read from your pen. . . .

Now Browning's religion was not the result of his optimism; his optimism was the natural and logical result of his religion. Browning's Christian faith was the foundation of all his philosophy, art, and life; it was the motive power of his thought and of his work. It is curious that so intelligent, so noble, and so sincere a man as Hardy should have failed to understand Browning's mind, and should have (though perhaps not seriously) ascribed such a motive for Browning's attitude. But to those who have no religion, faith in God is as inexplicable as colors to a man who is born blind. If I had not long since ceased to wonder at anybody's point of view, I should find Hardy's pessimism more strange than he found Browning's optimism. For Hardy won all the prizes of life without a single exception; his pessimism did not prevent the "stupid nation" from giving him universal acclaim as its foremost living writer; his mind was so interesting that everything in nature fascinated him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet he said we should be happier i[illegible] had been born without minds at al[illegible]

In the new edition of "Contempo[illegible] American Literature," by Profes[illegible] Manly and Miss Sickert, to which allusion has already been made, an Introduction has been supplied by Fred B. Millett which has some interesting appraisals. They will not meet with universal accord, but they are interesting because they show the literary stock quotations of 1929. After discussing the "old masters," Howells and James, he proceeds to the new ones, Edith Wharton, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson—how superior seem to me the two women to the three men! A little lower than these angels he ranks Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Ellen Glasgow, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, and if you don't like it, you can roll your own, as they used to say long, long ago, in 1927.

Mr. Millett's Introduction, discussing various groups and tendencies, continues for ninety-nine pages; on the whole, the book would have been better without it. This is a useful handbook for reference only; the lengthy Introduction could have been published elsewhere.

Two recent biographies seem to me interesting and important: "The Life of George Meredith," by Robert Esmonde Sencourt, and "Barrie—The Story of a Genius," by J. A. Hammerton. Meredith died twenty years ago, and this is the first authoritative biography. The author shares the almost unqualified admiration for Meredith's work held by Stevenson and Barrie, placing him not far below Shakespeare; but the record is impartial, and he is candid enough to admit that since 1909 Meredith has been forsaken by many former readers and has attracted very few new ones. The centenary of his birth in 1928 passed almost unnoticed, for hardly any one would be bold enough to consider him a figure of international importance, like Ibsen and Tolstoi, who entered the world with him. I fear that not many persons take up Meredith to-day; but the old readers are loyal. To those who have never read anything by him, and are willing to try anything once, I recommend that they begin with "Rhoda Fleming."

Meredith was like Hardy in preferring his poetry to his prose. "Fiction," said he, "is my kitchen wench. Poetry is my Muse." No writer of modern times ever had more distinguished admirers, not even Henry James. The group of men who idolized Meredith and believed in his genius were John Morley, Leslie Stephen, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, men whose worship was almost deifying.

Meredith was a Superman. He was one hundred per cent masculine. He loved huge meals, great draughts of wine, violent physical exercise, and his laugh could be heard for a quarter of a mile. His bad luck with his first wife never made him say "Frailty, thy name is woman!" On the contrary, he was the most chivalrous of modern novelists.

Although H. M. Walbrook and Thomas Moult have both written brief biographical works on Barrie, it has remained for J. A. Hammerton to tell in about five hundred pages the story of the life, from birth and obscurity to these latter days of world-wide fame. (Simultaneously with this book comes a new, limited edition of the Complete Works.) Mr. Hammerton writes calm-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly, with few exclamations and no exaggerations; but it is clear he regards Barrie as a permanent figure in literature. He indulges in literary criticism only rarely, confining himself to the facts in the life and career of his hero. It is a good book, and its usefulness and value are increased by a great many illustrations.

It was a happy thought of H. L. Mencken to collect in one volume "Essays" by the late James G. Huneker, and to contribute a lively Introduction, written in an unmistakably characteristic manner. Huneker was a picturesque personality, and his critical writings on any subject were illuminating. Instead of being respectably dignified and dull, he was if anything too ebullient, too gorgeously splendiferous; the late T. S. Perry, after reading "Steeplejack," confessed that he had enjoyed it, but regretted that Huneker had a style like laughing gas.

Two recent Yale graduates entered the FANO CLUB on October 5. Benjamin Brewster writes: "We have not only seen the painting, we have been in swimming at Fano as well." From J. G. McIntosh: "Suggest you collect two lira from each member and get the picture patched up. Also write the gent who sells post cards at the church and get him to carry stamps as well." It is only since the founding of the Club that postcards have been on sale in that vicinity.

Professor F. W. C. Meyer, of Rochester, enters the Faery Queene Club poetically:

Three summers I haue stroll'd with gentle Spenser,
That Faerie Queenes whole realme I visite mote,
And thanke accomplishment to that kynde censor
Who after his Sixte Booke a FINIS wrote;
For scarsely was such terme the poets note,
Dealing his lore of loue with large dispence,
Reuealing by its allegorick rote
To searchers for the poems Qvintessence:
This charmingest of chaunters hath no Qvittin' Sense.

Mrs. Ralph Barnhart, of Cleveland, Ohio, enters the F. Q. Club, being inspired to do so by the achievements of others, as recorded in this column. By a little reading every day, she qualified in two months. There is more joy over those who thus enter than over ninety and nine who read it in their early youth, not dreaming of the fame to be. But all are welcome.

In these scientific days, a tubercular explanation of the smile of Mona Lisa will carry conviction to many. But what would Walter Pater have said? Here is a letter from Mrs. Alton Roberts, of Vinalhaven, Maine:

"As I Like It" in the October SCRIBNER'S, provokes me to a comment which may or may not interest you but which will relieve me to be rid of:—

"Mona Lisa's (smile) is a peep show of the Garden of Happiness with the grill gate locked and the key hid." Poor woman! Her "smile" is to be seen on the faces of dozens of patients at our county tuberculosis hospital, it is considered symptomatic of the disease she died of before Leonardo finished her portrait. No wonder she holds a handkerchief in her frail hands.

Samuel Emery, of New York, author of the brilliant mystery story "The House that Whispered," writes "against the growing practice of saying 'to go some place.' It is not, of course, of the slightest academic interest, but the fact that the use of it appears to be increasing constantly might give it a certain interest of its own." It is increasing, and it is bad.

Charles M. Campbell, the accomplish-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed editor of *The Daily News* of Hamilton, Ohio, politely calls my attention to one of my own errors, for I had used the Bible phrase "on either side." I looked this up in that invaluable book, Fowler's "Modern English Usage," and Fowler says the use of "either" in such a manner is archaic. I shall try not to do it again, and I am grateful to Mr. Campbell.

A correspondent from Baltimore calls my attention to a more serious matter, the rapid increase of swearing and blasphemy. I suppose that golf and the war are largely responsible, but in both novels and plays the constant use of such expressions is robbing them of value; they have already lost their italic effect, and are becoming tedious. Here is my correspondent's letter:

As a frequent visitor to England you will be able to speak with authority on a subject of interest to other Scribnerians besides myself. Do English men and women of culture and refinement indulge in the lavish use of profane and vulgar expletive attributed to them by not a few current novelists of their own country? A. Hamilton Gibbs is conspicuous among these writers of fiction. In his widely read "Soundings," for instance, the characters, persons of university education or its equivalent, and moving in the best society, seem hardly able to open their mouths without breaking the third commandment, so that his pages fairly bristle with such expressions as,—God, by God, my God, devil, hell, damn, damned. These and other tasteless superfluities, to call them nothing worse, disfigure the everyday conversation of Gibbs's characters. In such trivial chat as that on the meteorological outlook the hero or the heroine will say: "By God, it's going to be a fine day." I write this without the book before me, but it is a fair sample of conversational usage in the world of English fiction.

Well, a much-praised and malodorous novel, written by a young Englishwoman not long ago, represented the undergraduate girls of Cambridge University as ejaculating "Christ!" on any and all trivial occasions.

I see that my Smith colleague Professor Barnes has written a book called "The Twilight of Christianity." It is an excellent title, and with one trifling alteration fits the facts accurately. It *is* the twilight, only what Professor Barnes supposes to be the dim light after sunset is really the crepuscular dawn.

One reason women have so much more courage than men is that they have so much more need of it.

What some might consider excitement: an "all-talking" motion-picture of two masters playing chess.

The recent pronouncements on college athletics remind me that the whole world has gone crazy on sport—including me.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

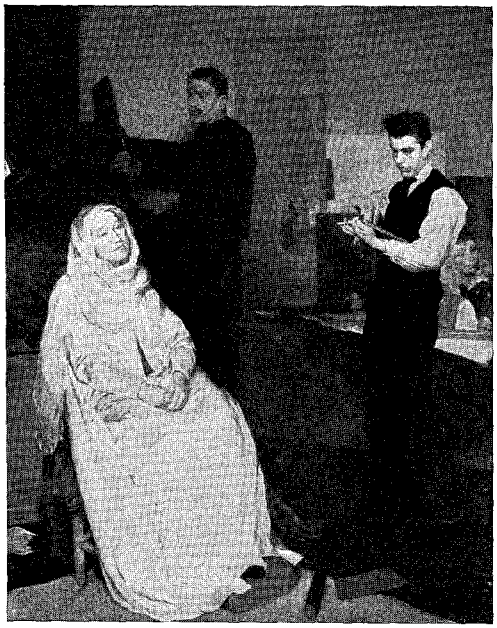
The 28th International Exhibition at Pittsburgh

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

It is an axiom that style is the great antiseptic, the one element which will protect a work of art from the ravages of time. Analysis of it may easily lead into confusingly metaphysical channels. One excellent safeguard against their perils is a firm grasp upon style as peculiarly the equivalent of originality, the expression of a man in his quiddity. "The style is the man himself," runs the famous dictum of Buffon. It is charged with all the qualities of his nature. It is his thumb print, singular, unmistakable, and, by the same token, in most instances interesting. Your docile member of a group, your follower of an academic convention, will wind up possessed of a manner. Your true painter who paints as he does because he cannot help himself, whose originality springs from him like the leaves from a tree, achieves a style. He may be—and, indeed, usually is—sensitive to tradition, but no matter how sympathetic he is to the ways of his predecessors he develops them, almost unconsciously, in a way of his own. I love the pronouncement of Whistler which is apposite here: "We have then only to wait—until, with the mark of the Gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before."

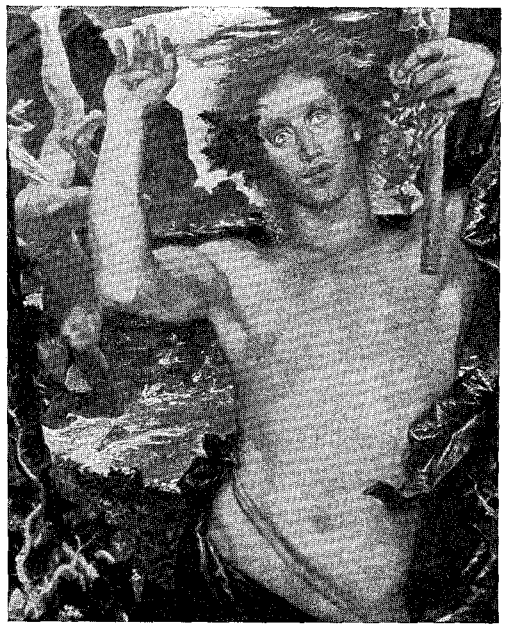
How powerfully he makes himself felt when, at long intervals, in any epoch, he does appear! There is no escaping the impact of his genius. He lifts himself head and shoulders above his contemporaries. To think of the French art of the last fifty years, for example, is to think of all manner of distinctive types, from Manet and Degas to Besnard, but it is to recognize also that a man like Puvis de Chavannes, despite his contacts with the early Italians, occupies a loftier place than any of his countrymen, a place apart. Whistler himself had "the mark" upon him and was not egotistical but merely truthful and just in speaking to a friend in this wise: "When I see the things by those other fellows and look at my own there is something about them that is much better and more dignified." Is it not a primary source of our delight in the "Nocturnes" that they are so original, so new-minted, so personal an addition to the treasures of art? Similar thoughts came to me the other day when I saw in New York the group of sixty or seventy paintings left by the late Arthur B. Davies in his studio. Mrs. Davies assembled them in November at the Ferargil Gallery. Put aside a few landscapes and some early pictures of childhood and the exhibition may be described as dedicated to but one theme, the romantic, poetic beauty of form. But Davies wove it into an extraordinarily diversified series of patterns and while his nymphs and goddesses symbolized as varied a body of ideas their chief function seemed to me to be that of vehicles for the expres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



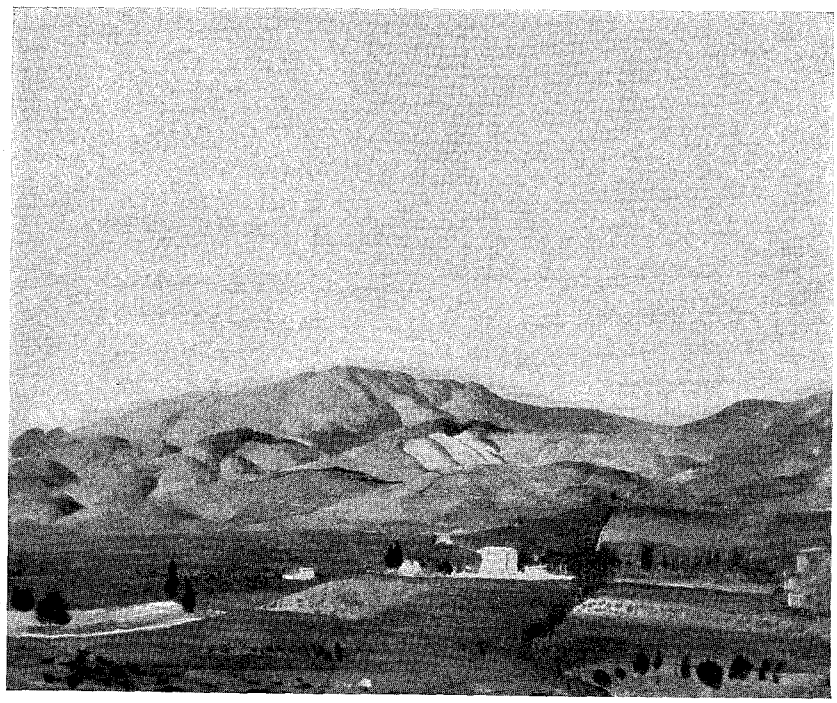
A Family.

From the painting by Glyn Philpot.



Transfiguration of Dionysius.

From the painting by Glyn Philpot.



Monte Santa Maria.

From the painting by A. K. Lawrence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intimacy.

From the painting by Edouard Vuillard.

Cinderella.

From the painting by Jacqueline Marval.

La Palissade.

From the painting by J. L. Forain.

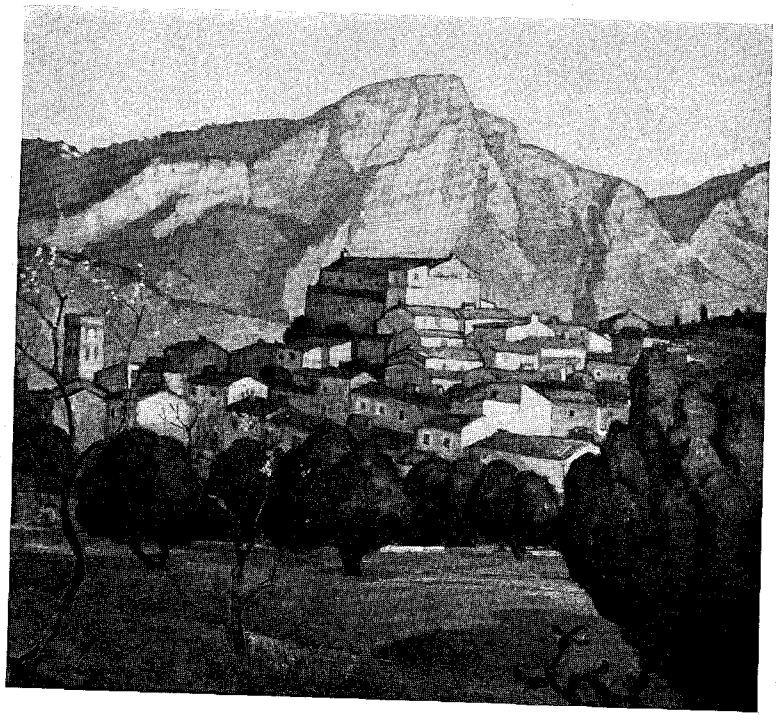
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait of Doctor B.

From the painting by Tamara de Lempicka.

Portrait of Fira Barchak.

From the painting by Eugene Speicher.



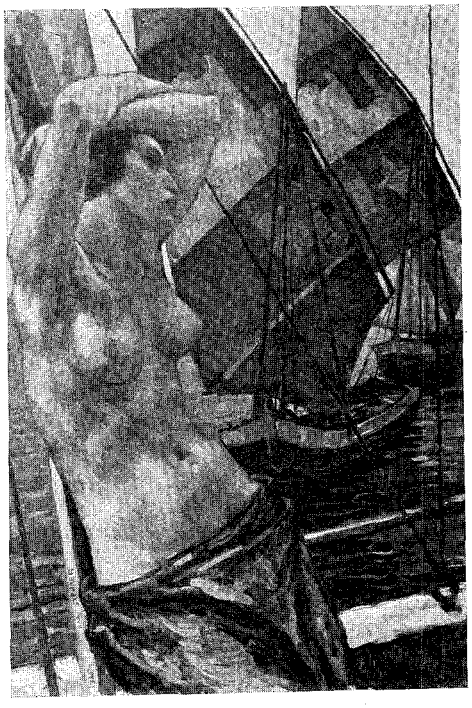
Pollensa, Mallorca.

From the painting by Tito Cittadini.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

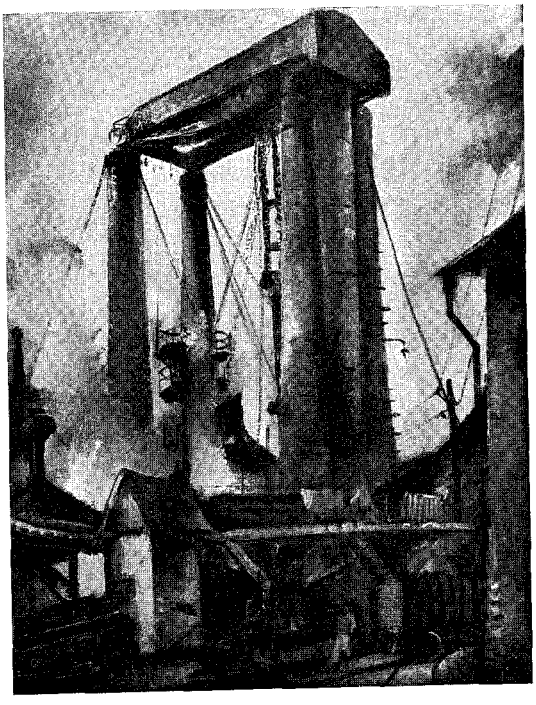
The Studio.

From the painting by Felice Carena.



Girl with Ships.

From the painting by Karl Sterrer.



Nobel Steel Works.

From the painting by Wolf Rohricht.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of the artist's character and vision. They bore in their style, first and last, the stamp of Davies, "the man himself."

◇ ◇ ◇

In my endless travels among pictures I am always looking for such stamps and although, as I have hinted, a Puvis or a Whistler or a Davies is seldom thrown off by any movement in painting, there are never lacking men who have at least a measure of original force. The test of a school lies in the number of such men that it can muster and every year when I go to Pittsburgh for the Carnegie International my first quest is for the outstanding painters, the men giving signs of "the mark." In the twenty-eighth of these exhibitions, held from October 17 to December 8, I found more than one, especially in the British section. Glyn Philpot is a painter who will come more and more, I believe, to be recognized as a leader in English art. He is not a technical virtuoso like Augustus John, though he can practise a certain virtuosity when he chooses, as in one brilliantly painted figure piece that he had at Pittsburgh, "Transfiguration of Dionysius." But he excels more particularly in the play of sound and even distinguished workmanship over subjects implying thought and emotion in their choice. The interesting subject is the birthright of the English school, wherein imagination and meditation have long had their influence. Two other pictures by Philpot, besides the "Dionysius," denoted an adventurous turn of mind, notably a fine religious composition, "The Three Kings," more or less in the tradition of George Frederick Watts. But the work that particularly moved me was "A Family," an interior with figures nominally drawn from the prose of life but subtly touched by that originality, that style, to which I have referred. I thought a little of the Pre-Raphaelites when I saw it but I thought more of Philpot. He is no novice. They gave him the first prize at Pittsburgh as far back as 1913. But whenever I have seen his work I have been stirred by it and this year its appeal went deeper than ever. He has the principle of growth in him.

The experience I had with Philpot was delightfully repeated when I turned to his colleagues. One of them, a newcomer to me, is Alfred Kingsley Lawrence, figure, landscape, and portrait painter. The three nudes in his "Return of Persephone" struck me as beautiful interpretations of form, full of life, movement, grace, and I rejoiced in the new note which the painter had compassed, felt again in a lovely Italian landscape, "Monte Santa Maria." Lawrence has in all his work a fine linear quality. With him and Philpot I would associate William Rothenstein, a familiar type but represented on this occasion by one or two country studies giving me a new and charming impression of his talent. The "Cotswold Farmyard" offered a perfect illustration of what originality can do, the almost bald subject being illumined by the touch of style. I do not feel quite so sure about James Pryde. When he paints in "The Monument" a huge vertical mass it seems interesting enough but when he organizes just such a mass in his "Victory" and another in "The Bed," painting them all in the same sombre key, I wonder if he is not trusting too much to that hateful thing, a formula. Still, there is a kind of melodramatic picturesqueness in these works. They have a glimmer of originality. There were other good things in the section, clever pieces of technique by Sir John Lavery, and some curiously attractive realism, hard as nails but of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

value, by John Keating. Altogether as I lingered amongst the British paintings I felt that the school was well maintaining its vitality.

◇ ◇ ◇

In our own rooms the motive of the new, individualized art was not so effectively brought out. According to the system followed at Pittsburgh for the last three years the participant in one exhibition has been ineligible for the others and this season there were, in consequence, many significant absentees. The show next fall, reverting to the earlier mode of organization, will probably redress the balance. Meanwhile I may note that the hero of the American section in 1929, by himself saving the day, was unquestionably Eugene Speicher, whose art is emphatically a personal expression. He is a stanch craftsman, on the side of the angels in all the niceties of technique, and in a semi-nude study like "The Torso of Hilda" warms my heart by his broad mastery of form. He is, too, a fastidious colorist, with a subdued chord that is absolutely his own. He has, finally, a grave, elevated point of view, lending great dignity to his work. There is never anything "pretty" about Speicher, though there is much that is gracious. His style is of a serene order. His "Portrait of Fira Barchak" was like a rebuke to the restless *frou frou* of which we see so much. His sincerity, if not his intensely individualized character, was approached by a cheering number of his fellow exhibitors. The section as a whole may have been a little colorless and disappointing but it had its fairly numerous episodes of good painting, in spirit above the stereotyped level. I remember an admirable double portrait, "Mary and Chava," by J. T. Johnson; a decidedly fresh and well-done landscape, "The Pear Tree," by Edward Bruce; a spirited portrait, "Irving R. Wiles," by Wayman Adams; landscapes by John Folinsbee, George Oberteuffer, and Daniel Garber, and some vigorous painting by Adolphe Borie. The section had its stimulating moments. But it needed them sorely, to make amends for the dulness pervading too many of the pictures. There is a drab and even ugly tendency to a lot of American art today. It sometimes seems as if the love of beauty were dying out and there were forming in its place a cult for the commonplace.

The French this year, even more than a year ago, seemed conservative in tone. Segonzac was there, it is true, to represent the left wing, but he has been gradually emerging upon an hypothesis nearer to tradition than any that the modernists, strictly speaking, know anything about. He was very good in landscape at Pittsburgh and so were several other open-air workers, Alfred Marquet, Albert André, and Louis Charlot. I observed them the more appreciatively, I suppose, because by some odd paradox the nation that produced the Barbizon school and the Impressionists has not in recent times been at all remarkable for its landscape men. There was another piquant circumstance perceptible amongst the French painters. One or two accomplished contributors, such as the colorful Edouard Vuillard, the workmanlike Bernard de Monvel, and the sprightly Jacqueline Marval, made arresting spots on the wall, but the strong men of the occasion were two old veterans, Aman-Jean and Forain. The hand of the former, to be sure, would seem to have lost something of its cunning. The pictures he sent that were lately produced were technically of no great moment. But an earlier canvas, "La Confidance," a design dating from twenty-odd years ago and now lent by Des Moines, was eloquent of his delicate spirit and his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once supple execution. He has had style, if ever a Frenchman had it, lightly touched, no doubt, and with an even feminine fineness about it, but style nevertheless, authentic and engaging. With Forain, painting scenes from the courtroom and such like, dramatic and pathetic, the drift is one toward satirical power. He is a bleak commentator on human life. But he is a born artist, genuine, forthright, with nothing derivative in his work. It was diverting, if not more than that, to see how he and Aman-Jean came to the rescue. I use the last phrase advisedly. French painting, at least as it has just been represented at Pittsburgh, still makes you feel the losses it suffered during the war. The rising generation of artists was cruelly depleted. The school still limps a little, waiting for the renovators to whom Whistler refers in the passage I quoted at the outset of these remarks.

◇ ◇ ◇

The many other European nations who contribute to the International have a varying number of ambassadors. The south in this instance had, proportionately, more space than the north. It cannot be said that either Italy or Spain was exactly thrilling. It was an Italian, though, who justly won the first prize, Felice Carena, with a ten-foot canvas called "The Studio" in which a nude model reclining upon a divan was surrounded by workers and idlers. The picture, as a picture, was artificial in spirit, a sort of immobile tableau. On the other hand it was shrewdly put together and the handling was altogether admirable. All of Carena's five paintings, including a massive study of a man with horses in a rocky landscape, "The Hostler," stand for the newer regime in Italy, a larger vision and a bigger, bolder, looser way of painting. It was encouraging to find that the leading honor went to him, after the oddities of which the jury of awards has been guilty in recent years. There was, in fact, scarce a hint of modernistic feeling in the prize-giving this year, the only suggestion of it coming in the award of an honorable mention to the German Max Beckman, for a figure piece rather violent in light and shade if not exactly bizarre. But I must return to the Italian section, if only to cite with appreciation the works by Baccio Bacci, a conservative but accomplished painter, the immensely fluent and clever Giovanni Romagnoli, painter of capital nudes, and the not quite so brilliant but still efficient Alessandro Pomi. The Spaniards were led by Anglada, whose luminous color and decorative taste make him superficially attractive. There were a few other good exhibitors, Mariano Andreu and Juan Junyer, and I was impressed by the way in which Tito Cittadini got the physiognomy of the southern countryside, with its picturesque hill towns, in his gray landscapes. What chiefly interested me in this section was the subsidence, if only momentary, of that factitious, studio-bred process of "characterization" which has latterly been threatening to do as much harm to the school as was ever done by the apostles of manual dexterity for its own sake.

There was a dignified landscape painter, delicate in sentiment and charming in design, Valerius de Saedelaer, who has been touched by the atmosphere of the Flemish Primitives, amongst the few Belgians represented, and a landscapist again, Conrad Kickert, was the ablest man in the Dutch section. All over this side of the exhibition it turned out to be the characteristic thing for each nation to put forward just one man of competence, if not always of distinction. Both terms apply to Karl Sterrer, the Austrian. His romantic "Girl with Ships" made one of the high lights in the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhibition. Conrad Hummel was Germany's best representative, particularly to be admired for his vitalized portraiture, and in Russia A. E. Arkhipov, painter of peasants in a bold style, with great splashes of rich color, spoke for his country more persuasively than either of his two colleagues. In Poland it was the same, where Madame Tamara de Lempicka, with a somewhat fantastic conception of portraiture, nevertheless conveyed an impression of technical ability. In Czecho-Slovakia it was a good though not remarkable landscapist, Oldrich Blazicek, who filled the eye fairly well. Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland were hardly noticeable, though in the last-mentioned country there is a portrait painter, Cuno Amiet, who amusingly made "a hole in the wall" with a tall full-length looking very much like an immense cartoon, "The Leader of the Orchestra." If I glance very swiftly and briefly over the European miscellany at Pittsburgh it is because it possessed, in the main, rather negative qualities. One goes to the International asking: "What are the nations doing?" The answer this year, save where Great Britain is concerned, is: "They are marking time as they wait for new leaders."

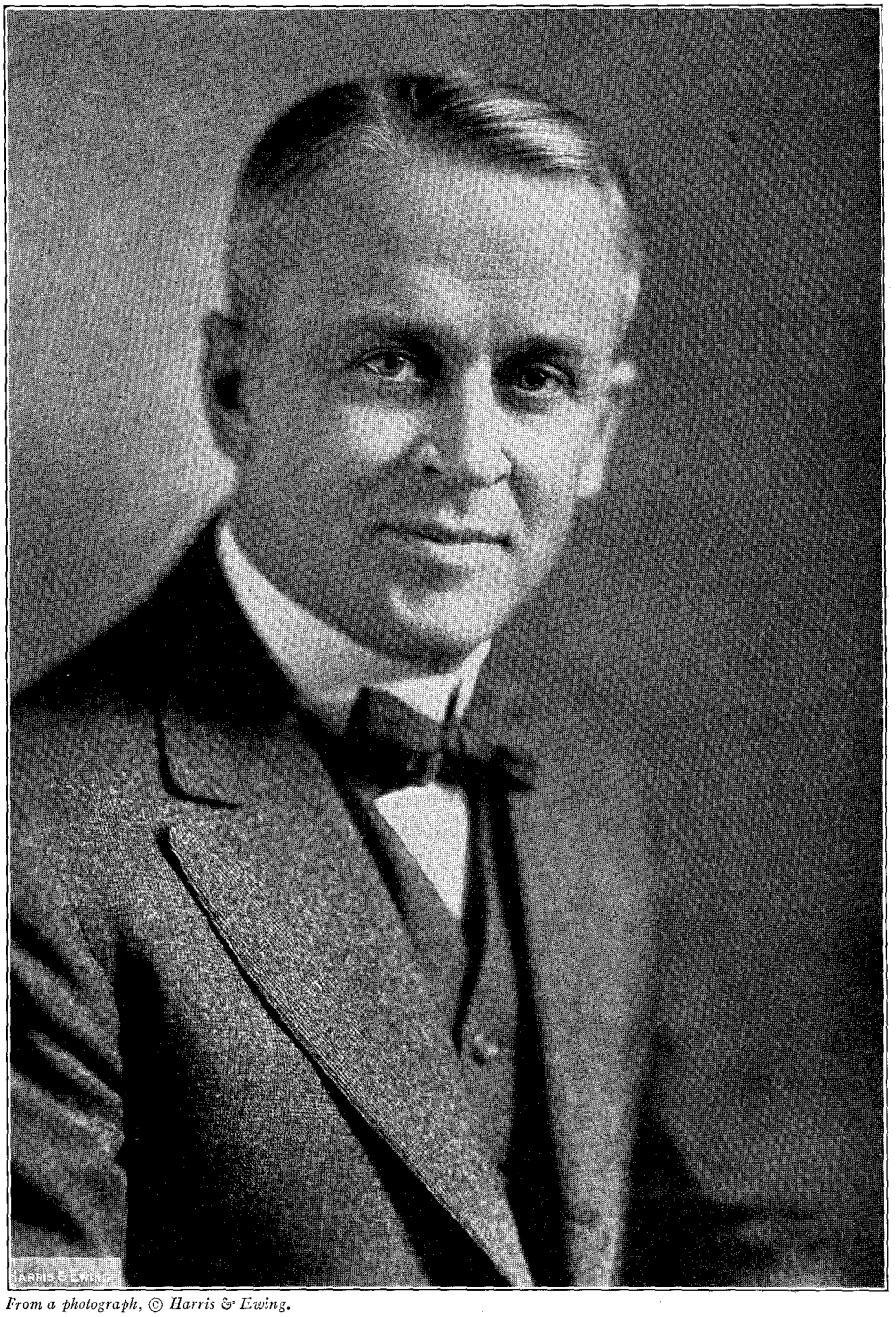
◇ ◇ ◇

Exhibitions come and go with breathless rapidity in New York, leaving no wrack behind, but I cannot forbear noting here, for the sake of the record, one that was held in November at the Kleinberger Galleries in aid of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. It was devoted to Flemish Primitives, more than fourscore examples being lent for the occasion, and the affair had great importance. It did on a small scale what was done for the early painters of this school at Burlington House in 1927. That is to say it illustrated the tradition from Jan Van Eyck down to Van Orley. Some idea of its brilliance may be gathered when I state that the organizers were able to borrow the gemlike "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata," by Jan Van Eyck, from the Johnson collection in Philadelphia, that Secretary Mellon and Mr. John D. Rockefeller lent their marvellous Van der Weyden portraits, Mr. Bache his "Carthusian Saint," by Petrus Christus, Mr. Henry Walters his superb fragment of a Van der Goes, Colonel Friedsam his lovely Memlings, and so on. It was a great gathering of a great school and is to be marked with a white stone.

I must refer also to another event of the art season that occurs as I write, the opening of the new Museum of Modern Art, in well-lighted rooms at the Heckscher Building. The "immediate purpose" of this addition to the city's galleries is announced as the holding of about twenty exhibitions in the next two and a half years. The organizers are modernist collectors and amateurs and they purpose devoting themselves "primarily to living artists" but for the opening exhibition they chose Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Seurat. It proved a highly interesting affair, being especially remarkable for the representative character of the works shown. The Post-Impressionist movement was never better illustrated in New York. Contemporary American and French painters are later to be shown and occasionally the Museum will deviate into the past. An exhibition of Ryder, Winslow Homer, and Eakins is promised and there is to be a retrospective display of Daumier. Modern Mexican art is one of the subjects on the calendar. Admission is free and none of the paintings or sculptures shown is to be for sale.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, © Harris & Ewing.

Robert A. Millikan, distinguished scientist, Nobel Prize winner, and author of "Alleged Sins of Science."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED